The War Cry

The All Round the World

The Salvation Army

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A DAY IN THE FOOD AND SHELTER HOME.

1. Supper Time. 2. Making the Soup. 3. S.A. House of Food and Shelter. 4. In the Dormitory. 5. A Scrub for the Counter.

Food and Shelter Homes.

ANOTHER ADVANCE.

NOTE:—Our illustration on the front page represents "A Day's Work in one of the Food and Shelter Homes recently established in the Metropolis."

Among the many rapid advances of the Salvation Army in the Old Country during the past year, has been that branch of its work which is known as "Food and Shelter. This is carried on in several large buildings in London, England, set apart expressly for this special work.

At these homes the poorest men can lie down in comfort, and obtain at the lowest possible cost, refreshment such as will enable them, at least to sustain life, amidst their arduous toils in search of employment. Up to the present date, in one building alone, no less than 23,500 beds have been supplied, whilst 250,000 meals at two cents each, have been supplied to adults, and 220,000 at the charge of half a cent, or one cent to children. As the year closes similar buildings will be opened for men, and also others for *women only* in various parts of the metropolis.

But better than anything that has been done in this way to assuage their bodily need is, that, in the course of the year scores of the poor men who have been sheltered in this building have been led to the Saviour, of whom 127 are in situations, labouring successfully both for the bread which perishes and for that which endureth for ever.

With this issue of the WAR CRY we give our many readers a few sketches which will be no doubt be very interesting to them, showing the various departments of this "new advance" in trying to help the fallen and starving thousands.

A few weeks ago the General brought this as well as the Rescue work very forcibly before the public by appealing to the English Parliament for a Government grant.

Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, having replied that the Government, while sympathizing with the Army in their endeavors to alleviate the sufferings and privations of the poor people, could not see their way clear to accede to the General's petition for a grant, so that it became necessary to turn elsewhere for the wherewithal to accomplish the inauguration of Food and Shelter and Rescue Homes all over London and our big cities.

Accordingly an appeal was prepared by the General and forwarded to the leading London and provincial press, stating the marvellous results already attained, and pleading for money to enable him to launch out and establish several of these Homes, which mean to the poor, during the bad winter months, at any rate, salvation for the body, and in many cases, for the soul also.

We now append the following extract from the General's appeal, which indicates our movements in the near future:—

Four large buildings have already been secured in the following localities, viz. A shelter for women and children only, to accommodate 250 per night (thus supplying 91,000 beds per annum) in the immediate neighborhood of the late Hanbury Street tragedy; a shelter for men at Clerkenwell, with similar capacity; a food and shelter depot at Whitechapel, capable of supplying 36,300 meals per week (or at the rate of 1,687,600 meals per annum), and of providing shelter for 250 men per night (52,500 beds per annum); a food depot at Marylebone, to supply 4,000 meals per day, or 1,248,000 per year. Similar buildings are now being negotiated for at Shadwell, Bow and Bermondsey.

In connection with the Rescue Work, 30 more beds have been provided, and a new home is about to be opened which will enable thirty more girls in addition to be taken in. For every £1,000 subscribed towards food and shelter work we will undertake to establish and maintain a depot capable of supplying 54,750 beds and over 1,000,000 meals per annum. For every £1,000 contributed towards Rescue Work, we will fit up and maintain two Homes, each containing 30 beds. One hundred girls per annum can be rescued in connection with each Home. We deeply regret the view held in official circles upon this subject at present, but we trust that a little more vigorous action will convince anyone that the persons whom alone we propose to help—namely, those who are ready to make earnest efforts to maintain themselves honestly—deserve State assistance. However, in the meanwhile we believe that if by the aid of the Press we are enabled to put the matter properly before the whole nation we shall not merely be enabled to meet the expenditure we have already incurred, but to complete the entire scheme as above set forth.

Amongst those gentlemen who have already expressed their sympathy with and approval of the objects we have in view are the following:—Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M. P., Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., Lord Blantyre, Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., Bart., M P., Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., (Solicitor-General), Sir P. J. Dorington, Bart., M. P., Prof. W. J. Stuart, M. P., Hon. Philip Stanhope, M. P., H. J. Atkinson, Esq., M.P., John Ellis, Esq., M.P., Walter McLaren, Esq., M. P., Miles McInnes, Esq., M. P., George Newnes, Esq., M P., Samuel Smith Esq., M. P., Benjamin Scott Esq., F.R.A.S. City Chamberlain, Rev. Dr. Clifford, M.A., Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., Rev. Henry Allen, D. D., S. Gurney Sheppard, Esq., T. A. Denny, Esq., Septimus R. Scott, Esq., J. W. Janson, Esq., Francis Peek, Esq.

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The press is practically unanimous in its support of the appeal, and many of the leading papers devote congratulatory leaders in its favor.

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Dr. Wild, of Toronto, in one of his recent sermons on "Anti-poverty," as published in the *Canadian Advance*, mentions this work as one of the most successful in alleviating the needs of the suffering. He says:

"The best agency presented to us that I know of is that of the Salvation Army, without the slightest doubt. They relieve them, then they get them converted, and then those who are converted go to work and become men and women in Christ Jesus. Take the work of Gen. Booth's Army in London. Their food and shelter depots I think ought to be copied by us. Take the one located near the West India Docks: In nine months 23,500 persons were lodged in healthy rooms in clean beds at a penny a night. If we had them here I would send a dozen every night. Over 470,000 meals were supplied varying in price from one farthing to a penny a piece. This Salvation Army has taught us a great deal by practical illustration. Could not all the churches in Toronto unite, erect a dozen or so of these depots and thus take in every man and woman feed them and lodge them? If we did we would be better off than we now are. In London they have five rescue homes, and seven in the country in which fallen women are restored at the rate of 1000 per year, and the statistics prove that seven tenths of them are permanently cured by such rescuing; and thousands of young men are saved from ruin and death and a vast amount of poverty is thus checked. This is the way to do business. As I have said we are indebted to this people for new impulses in the church, a new line of charity, and we ought to be willing to take hold of them; but we are not willing, we are too stuff, too entrenched in our ceremonials, too selfish. We lack too much the true love of Christ as a rule throughout the churches. The Salvation Army is indeed a very successful Anti-poverty Society, and the Anti-poverty Society of this city could not do better than to join hands with them and make their speeches in the Salvation Temple."

There can be no question or doubt about the matter, that we are succeeding on these lines, but *how much more* could be done, if those who possess an abundance of this world's goods would devote some of it to such schemes as this.

Much has been said and thought about the "Relief of the Poor and distressed;" many remedies have been proposed, many plans suggested, but here the matter begins and ends. To every right thinking person it is becoming more and more evident that the Salvation Army is a *Great Anti Poverty Society*, not only relieving the temporal wants of the thousands who flock to our us, but we also go deep to the root of the matter and proclaim a remedy in Jesus Christ, our Great Captain, for all evils, spiritually as well as temporally.

Up to the present time there are none of these "Food and Shelter Homes" established in our Dominion, but there is a branch of work carried on in the City of Toronto, under the superintendence of Mrs. Coombe, which urgently needs help and practical sympathy in the shape of cash donations, or parcels of left off clothes. We refer to the "Rescue Home" and "Rescue of Fallen Girls." Who will come forward and help us in this matter?

Some poor fallen, sin-sick sister,
You may rescue, you may save,

OFFICIAL NOTICE!

To Secretaries, Sergeants, and Bandsmen:

All the Local Commissions expired Dec. 31st., and should be returned to the Divisional Officer at once.

TOUR OF THE Household Troops' Brass Band.

DOWN EAST.

"Victory" is our cry as we go forward from town to town on our King's business. With thought of the past victories and hopes for the future, we meet in obedience to the order given by our Bandmaster, and march to the BROCKVILLE depot. The march to us was rather a novel one, for it was hard work to keep upright on the slippery side-walks, and we were met at nearly every street corner with

YOUNG BLIZZARDS,

(as one of our boys called them), or clouds of drifting snow.

We board the cars and are soon steaming along the track to PRESCOTT. "Are we there so soon," says someone. "Yes," there can be no doubt about it, for as we look through the windows we see some S. A. uniform which convinces us we are at our destination. The barracks is reached, which happened to be a converted church, and after the luggage is taken in, we are sent off to our billets with the order to meet at 2.45, p.m. The weather being very stormy and cold, not many people attended the afternoon meeting, but we have every reason to believe that great blessings were received. "Shall we have many people inside to-night," is the question that arises in our minds, as we are told how long it is since they had a good crowd here. All doubt is soon removed though as the people begin to follow us from the march into the hall which gets nicely filled. Straight into the meeting we go, playing, singing, speaking and praying with all our hearts. One of our comrades after telling how sinful he had been, said "I don't tell this because I love to tell it, but because I want to show you what the power of God can accomplish." Lieut. Tucker rose and sang "God is near thee," and we felt indeed that it was so. After the invitation was given, down we went upon our knees. Our Bandmaster faithfully warned them and then closed leaving them in our Father's care, who knows best how to deal with them.

CORNWALL is next reached, and as we march down the snow covered streets, and gaze at the many sleighs that pass by us, we begin to think "we are in Canada, as it was pictured to us in the Old Country. We commenced operations here with a holiness meeting held in the barracks, where soldiers and friends gathered together to hear that the blood of Christ could cleanse from all sin. It was indeed a blessed time. The music seems to compel the people to follow us, as into the Town Hall we go. We are soon into the meeting, and everybody begins to feel free as our Bandmaster tries his very best to persuade those people on the shelf to sing. Bandsman Kemp then sings his little ditty, and "Come along and go with me," is sung heartily by the congregation. Horatula, the white boy, will soon beat Horatula the black boy if we are to judge by the way he skipped about the hall bringing in the greenbacks. The word of God was read with telling affect, and our main object, namely, "the salvation of precious souls, was aimed at. This over we reluctantly close our first day's meetings here. Great attention was given the next day in the meeting as Bandsman Nevil told of a wonderful conversion through the Army drum, and this meeting like all other good meetings, had to be brought to a close. We have not much time to spare, so the order is given, "fall in," quick march," and we are on our way to the depot, and there board the cars bound for MORRISBURGH. There was a large crowd here anxiously awaiting our arrival. We dismount and commence business straight off by forming a ring ouside the depot. Then out on the still night air rings our old favorite tune. "Calvary's stream is flowing." We then dispersed to our different billets, and soon were in the "land of ned."

Sunday morning we march out looking for and expecting a day of victory. The holiness meeting proved to be a most profitable one to our souls. The testimonies were clear and definite.

Capt. Boffe said he knew the dear Lord as his friend and companion, one with whom he could walk and talk. That the opinions of man were of no consequence to him for he lived to do the will of God. The people present were exhorted to whole-hearted service, and one man came forward to obtain the blessing. Glory to God.

In the afternoon we began a proper free-and-easy on our arrival at the opera house. After playing and singing

FIVE GENTLEMEN WERE CALLED FORTH

to give their testimonies. The first was Teddy, who said that he came from the potteries and he had proved salvation was good for a young man. Next came Pierce, the pen-driver, then the Bristol boy, also the boy from the city of colleges, all of whom said they liked salvation first class.

The night meeting was a time when the presence of God was felt. We commenced with singing, "The Judgment Day is drawing near," in dread reality, and as the meeting went on nobody could doubt but that we really felt what we were singing. The words as they fell from the lips of the speakers, we have every reason to believe, were carried by the Spirit of God to the hearts of the sinners. Bandsman Bees read the Word of God, dwelling on the sheep that was lost. He said, "Many of you

PEOPLE HERE ARE LOST

and here is the Saviour coming along with bleeding hands and feet seeking you. Capt. Amy spoke while breathless silence reigned, everybody drinking in the words that were spoken. The invitation was given, and down we went into the prayer meeting. We closed with one in the Fountain. To God be all the glory.

We expected a great crowd on Monday night nor were we disappointed, for the people flocked from all parts to hear us. Some of them coming many miles in sleighs on purpose to be present at the meeting. Music was what they wanted and music we gave them. A very good respond was made to the appeal for help toward the homes in Toronto. Our meeting came to a close, and as we left the prayer of our hearts was, "God bless Morrisburg."

WEST WINCHESTER is our next halt. It was indeed a good little meeting we held in the afternoon. By the testimonies given and songs sung it could easily be seen the Spirit of God was with us.

Night came, and so did we! Down the street we went with trombones and double bass to the front, trying, as one of the boys said, to

BLOW THE DEVIL

right out of town. We marched on to the church, hired for the occassion, and entered in at a side door to find the place crowded, all of them having paid twenty-five cents for admission. The meeting was commenced and proved to be a blessed one indeed. Our bandmaster called on Mr. E. Tucker, a friend of ours from the old country, who was present in the meeting. He gave his experience, saying that he believed in out and outism, and was determined to be out and out for God and souls. Our organist then spoke, telling how his musical talent had opened the way for him into a life of sin, but through the mercy of God he had found pardon and peace. Before the Salvation Army came along he thought religion was only good for old people and those that were on a sick bed, but as soon as he saw the salvationists "round happy faces" he saw that it was just the thing he wanted to make him happy, so he got it for himself, and now he is going about trying to make others happy.

Previous to our journey to KEMPTVILLE we meet at the barracks, which soon is turned into something like a boot store, for each of us have a pair of overshoes given us. We put them on and leave the town feeling sure that for the future we shall be in possession of

THE BLESSING OF DRY FEET.

Kemptville is reached, and here sleighs are provided to convey us to the barracks.

It is not long before we are scattered about in different homes that kind friends have provided for us. It was useless to have a march at night, so we commenced the meeting earlier than usual. We had only just started when we heard someone at the door uring the people to get as close together as they could, saying that there were hundreds outside waiting to come in. They managed to pack a few more in and the rest had to go away dissatisfied. Our meeting was a regular old timer, full of enthusiasm and life. One young man tried to upset it

BY FIRING BUCKSHOT.

at us on the platform, but he did not intend to kill or he would have used a gun. He was soon made quiet by a few words from our Bandmaster. Our words and music was listened to with the greatest attention till the close of the meeting, which we are quite sure will not soon be forgotten by the Kemptville folks.

GROOM.

Mrs. General Booth

The Methodist *Times* of Jan. 3rd, has a column with this heading;—"What our women are doing," and among many other paragraphs is the following:—

"Mrs. General Booth is another public woman who has been laid aside by serious illness. Mrs. Booth exhibits great Christian resignation, but the disease from which she is suffering makes steady progress. All the best authorities on the matter declared that she could not live longer than October. Nor is she suffering any great pain, as the doctors predicted, and they cannot understand how it is that the disease should have made so much progress with comparatively so little pain. There is reason to hope that by a judicious use of the hours of freedom from pain she may be able to dictate (she has lost the use of her right hand), her reminiscences and recollections of the rise and progress of the Salvation Army."

MAJOR MARGETTS

— AT —

W. Toronto Junction

How the West Toronto Junction Corps Welcomed the New Major in their Midst.

STAFF BRASS BAND TO THE FRONT.

Glory to God! Away we go to West Toronto for a rattling good time with God. As we boarded the street-car we felt that we were going to do something for God that night.

As we neared the Junction we heard the boom of that great big drum, and away to the barracks we march to get thawed out, for it was freezing, and it froze our instruments. We soon get rigged out, and ready for a good time

IN THE MEETING.

A song was sung, then a few words of prayer. The testimonies were grand, and as the people spoke and sang God was there to send the words home to the sinner's heart.

The drummer was sworn in, and he promised God he would fight for Him and the Salvation Army as long as he lived.

The Major then read a small portion from God's Word, which seemed to go right home to the sinner's heart, and although the devil kicked, in the shape of some boys who locked us in, our God was there, and it did not matter how hard the devil kicked we were bound to get God the victory; and at the close of the meeting 1 backslider returned to his Father, who truly pardoned all his sins.

God did indeed bless our souls all through. May God bless the West Toronto Junction Corps! CADET VINALL,
Headquarters.

INDIA!

The Twenty have Arrived!
Wonderful Welcome.

IN HARNESS ALREADY

SOUL-STIRRING REPORTS.

What the Indians Think of Them.

Almost every mail is bringing glowing accounts of the grand reception and welcome to India's Coral Strand of our twenty Canadian warriors. To give all this good news in detail would take a big space, but we give the cream of it, and cannot do better than give the Indians' opinions of the twenty, which we cull from their "Cry."

"The welcome to the Canadians was a great big enjoyable success all round. No other party has ever had such a reception was the general verdict when it was all over."

"These Canadians are a proper lot of folks, not much fear we fancy about the good name of Canada for stick-ability and salvation courage and push being safe in their keeping. They have impressed us all wonderfully as being just simple godly salvation officers."

"They seem to have the simple open rough colonial manner and will soon make themselves at home in India."

THE FIRST MEAL.

Saturday is the day (to let our readers into a secret) on which the members of Headquarters Staff, do any dhobying which may have accumulated through the week. As each man is his own dhoby, we like to have everything cleared up at the end of the week. So the opportunity is seized and various turbans chudders, etc., are soon in process of cleansing. Soon, however, a shout is heard, "The steamer is sighted," then there is a general scramble for umbrellas, etc., and everybody is off. Quickly most of the officers at present in Bombay are at the landing place in Prince's Dock. "There she is," and the well-known large steamer, with two funnels and broad white band round each, is pointed out lying at anchor about a mile away.

To get the party ashore was the next business, which, however, was managed quickly and without a hitch or difficulty, all in one boat. Nearing the shore a boat was descried coming towards us, on board which we could make out some Salvation Army uniform. We soon recognized Commissioner Tucker, and drawing his boat up alongside ours he came on board. The walls of the dock were crowded, and from beyond the crowd could be heard the strains of the band, which was soon drowned in the chorus,

"Victory for me; through the blood of the Lamb."

and

"We never, never, never, will give in."

Hallelujah, Oh Lord make it true!

The procession was formed with the silken banner of Canada to the front. Next the Commissioner and Bombay Divisional Staff, next the band, then the Canadians and everybody else behind.

Headquarters Hall was cleared of the seats. Mats spread all round it to sit upon.

The Canadians were assigned the place of honor, and the rice and curry was served out, which latter, we must say, was a credit to the Commissariat Department.

Memories of our own early days made us sympathize thoroughly with our comrades in their first attempt at using their fingers for a combined knife, fork, and spoon, but all were hungry, difficulties were nothing. They were thorough Indians at once.

Referring to the passage Lieut. Wood says:—On board the S. S. "*Dominico Balduino*" we were treated well by both officers and sailors and firemen. A Hindoo passenger was surprised to see English people come down to native lines. A returning missionary under the heading of "good advice," thought that the best thing for the whole party to do on landing was to get married and settled down. Since landing we have indeed got "married" to India, its people and customs, and have "settled down" to business:—the salvation of India. The Army ought to strike Port Said to get *missionaries* to open different countries, for even a ragged dirty little Arab boy spoke seven different languages, and the people recognized us as Salvationists, being the only Europeans wearing Indian costume. Suez is full of willing helpers, who pressed their services, using cunning arguments in so doing. A native saw one of our party carrying a parcel and said "No English carry that" but we kept up our reputation as being saved above pride. The station master wanted to know if we were going to India as musicians to the king. Of course we are, to the King of kings. An English saloon passenger looked well at us and then said "We are the lords of the land in India, and *the idea* of You coming down to native dress," etc. One of our comrades states that when these sort of people come around he always "has his teeth sharpened." An opinion on board the ship was that we are a political faction sent out by Queen Victoria to help establish the Government in India under the guise of religion. Seemingly our efforts are recognized as a success.

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The following maiden report, by Staff-Capt. Van Allen, we clip from the Indian "Cry."

BOMBAY BOOMING.

A NIGHT AT THE FORT (NO. II.)

If a European's first introduction to an ordinary S. A. meeting, generally be attended with feelings of astonishment and delight, imagine the sensations which would naturally present themselves to one on their first introduction to a purely native one, and especially such a one as was held at the Gujarati corps (or more properly speaking Bombay II.) a few nights since at which it was my privilege to attend.

The D. O., part of Headquarters' staff and a few specials united with the Prison Gate Staff at their quarters and formed up for a musical march, which is quite a treat in this city, and I noticed as we went sweeping from street to street in the native quarters, pouring forth salvation strains to the interest and satisfaction of our native onlookers, who crowded windows, doors and street, anxious to miss not a thing that was done by the Muktifauj, that one of our official friends (the police) to make sure that we were not "stealing a march" asked to see our permit which the Captain quickly and gladly showed him.

Salvationists are always ready for inspection and some of these days, through the precious Blood, we will pass the scrutiny of the angel on guard at heaven's portals.

The meeting inside was a strange one to unaccustomed eyes and ears. The audience was purely native, representing seven nationalities. They enjoyed the singing, music and salvation joy, happiness and freedom, with as much relish as any European congregation would.

These people, like their fellow-beings the world over, like a religion that has life, joy and gladness in it, and which does something to lift a man upwards and give practical help in every day life.

If I could not understand a word which was being spoken, I rejoiced as much as any one, over the two souls crying for mercy in the after meeting. One a Mahomedan, who had been out of jail but a short time, but had been taken charge of by the Prison Gate Brigade; both testified beautifully and rejoiced in their new-found joy.

I am confident that with the blood-and-fire spirit we shall conquer all nations and tongues for our God.

STAFF-CAPT. F. VAN ALLEN.

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We notice, too, that a great farewell meeting of the Canadians was being arranged for and is over by this time, in which our comrades farewelled to different parts of the great continent.

Now for an item of great interest—

THEIR APPOINTMENTS:

Staff-Capt. Van Allen	A. D. C. to Major Jai Bhai (Ceylon).
Capt. and Mrs. Mitchell, Capt Turner	To the Punjaub.
Lieut. Lewis, Lieut. Robinson	To Calcutta.
Capts. Copp and Lloyd, Lieut. Stolliker	To Southern India in Major Musa Bhai's Division.
Capt. Lightowler, Lieut. Armstrong, Lieut. Handicott	Stay in Bombay at the Training Home, for Marhatta work.
Capt. Carwardine, Lieut. McLaren	In training, Bombay, for the Gujarati work.
Lieut. Wood,	On the "War Cry" as sub-editor.

We shall be able, no doubt, to give our readers from time to time stirring accounts of how the twenty are pushing on the war in India in their appointments. In the meantime everybody pray that God will raise up hundreds of other blood-and-fire courageous men and women to win, not only India, but the world for God.

A WELCOME TO THE CANADIAN TWENTY.

From Indian "War Cry."

BY D. MARSH, SECUNDERABAD.

Welcome to India's millions,
Welcome to India's land;
To save poor souls who are dying
We welcome the Canadian band.

India's sons and daughters give welcome
To our officers one and all;
They've left home to tell of a Saviour,
They follow their Lord at His call.

To fight and to die for its people,
Day by day they will conquer and win;
They will tell of Jesus who suffered,
Of a Saviour who saves from all sin.

We will rally round and will help them
The people of India to win:
Secunderabad will still keep on fighting,
The world to our Saviour we'll bring.

The Army will still go on fighting,
Brave Tucker by faith will o'er come,
With a band of Blood-and-Fire officers,
Who to rescue India have come.

The flag of the Army shall flutter,
O'er India's benighted dark land,
Then success to our twenty brave officers,
Who in India have taken their stand.

PRAY! BELIEVE!! PRAY! BELIEVE!!

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

We have decided to open up this column to those who desire the prayers of the Army for their sick ones, and for any special cause, no matter what the difficulty—soul or body. We shall also publish short cases of divine healing, which can be verified, as well as other interesting items as to God's dealings in this matter:—

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J. B. Griffiths, of Hamilton, asks the prayers of the readers of the WAR CRY that his wife may be restored to health. Especially remember this case every day between the hours of twelve and one.

* * *

A cry comes from the invalid officers at the Home of Rest, Toronto, for the united prayers of officers and soldiers, that strength may be given them to again go forth and fight good battles.

* * *

Major Morris asks prayer on behalf of Mrs. Morris, who is suffering from a cancer. A consultation of doctors have declared her case to be too far gone for any operation, and there is little hope of recovery apart from our God.

* * *

From a wire just to hand we learn that Capt. Chaponand of the French work is seriously ill, and everybody, we know, will lay hold of God on her behalf.

* * *

Another cry for prayer comes from Strathroy, where Mrs. Capt. New lies very sick. Pray that the Great Physician will lay His healing hand upon her.

A LETTER

— FROM —

ONE OF THE TWENTY.

Bombay, India, Dec. 28, 1888.

Dear Commissioner,—

Just a few lines before the mail goes to let you know how I am getting along in far off India—to me no longer something of the future, but which has become a present reality. I am very glad to be able to tell you that I am blessedly saved, in spite of the varied experience I have passed through since leaving Canada. The Cross has become more dear, as the way of the Cross has become more real than ever to my soul, and I rejoice in knowing that I am one with my Lord, one to go all the way, one to suffer with Him for the sake of a dying world, one in giving my life that others may be saved.

I cannot thank God enough that He has brought me here, and now in the midst of the people over whom my heart has so often yearned, my one desire is that He will keep me true. I had tried to picture to myself what the natives would be like, but my imagination came far short of the reality. Here, in Bombay alone, there is such a large number who do not know our God.

While out War Cry selling my heart has bled to think I could not speak to them and point them to my Saviour, the Saviour whom they need so much. I can simply weep over them and pray that God will help me to be more than ever in earnest to learn the language which is of such great importance.

A little incident occurred lately while two lasses were selling *Yudda Duenis* (Marathi "War Crys,") which seemed so touching that I thought, "Oh that all those who profess to love God and His cause and still seem indifferent as to whether the heathen know Him or not, could hear the cry." A native came up and, after paying his one pice, said in such a wistful tone, "Your 'Yudda Dueni' tells me so little about your Jesus Christ, and I want to know so much," and this is the yearning desire of so very, very many of these precious blood-bought souls.

God helping me I mean that they shall know Him by me, by my life and actions, as well as by my words. Never before have I felt my own weakness so much, but I know that He is enough for me. Hallelujah.

Commissioner Tucker gave us this chorus the day on which we arrived in India, and I for one have proved it true—

> "Thou art enough for me,
> Thou precious living, loving Lord,
> Thou are enough for me."

Our party has been divided up about as much as it possibly can. Yesterday we said good-bye to Capts. Copp and Lloyd who left for South India with Lieuts. Stollicker and Gerke, Staff-Capt. Van Allen also left for Ceylon via. Madras, and Lieuts. Lewis and Robertson for Calcutta. At present Capt. Langtry, Capt. Turner, Carwardine and myself are in the Marathi Training Home, where we remain for a few days. Capt. Langtry goes to Ceylon, Capt. Turner with Capt. and Mrs. Mitchell to the Punjaub, Capt. Cawardine and I go to the Gujarati Training Home at Bombay No. II. The rest of the lads remain for the present in the Marathi T. H. at No. III. We feel parting with Capt. Langtry very much. She has become a mother to us, and we have learned to love her dearly.

Christmas day was one of blessing to our souls. In the morning Mrs. Tucker, or rather "Mother," as we already love to call her, led a Holiness meeting at Bombay No. II., and at night over seventy officers met here at No. IV. for a half-night of prayer, led by Commissioner and "Mother." The following evening there was a fruit banquet and musical festival at No. I., after which a dedication service was held, and the infant son of Staff-Capt. Himmat Singh was dedicated to the Lord. But best of all, at the close of the meeting fifteen souls came to the Cross and professed to get saved. It was indeed a happy Christmas. Praise God.

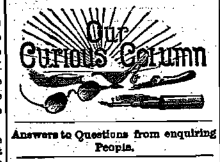
Most of the lasses of the "Wedding Fifty" are here. Some of them are making very good progress in the Marathi language. Major Musa Bhai is expected on the 7th January. I must close my letter as the mail is just on the point of leaving.

N.B.—All the girls send their love and best wishes for a happy New Year.

I remain,

Yours for the Lost,

Lieut. Lizzie McLaren.



Answers to Questions from enquiring People.

This column is devoted to the curious and uncertain. All questions relating to Salvation Army rules, regulations, modes and measures will be answered. All doctrinal, controversial and personal questions will be omitted. Questions must be accompanied by the names and addresses of the senders.

1. Q.—Why do so many officers and soldiers say "er," at the end of every sentence?

A.—We should very much like to know where this bad practice came from. To the audience it is most distressing and it is quite out of harmony with what a true salvationist should be in his style of talking. It is easy to fall into a bad habit, and the only way to cure it, is to exercise careful watch over your speech.

* * *

2. Q.—How is it that the officers, both staff and otherwise, never have a song book in the meetings. Are there any at Headquarters, or is it the rule for officers not to have song books.

A.—This is another bad habit. Often we have wanted to sing something out of the ordinary meetings, but have found it impossible to do so as often there were no more than six song books in the whole meeting. A visit to the stock room shows us there ample to supply every officer and soldier in the Dominion. The meetings will be much more interesting with a greater variety of songs. We suppose you refer to congregational singing, and not solo. Solos can be sung more effectually without a song book.

* * *

3. Q.—In my corps my Soldiers all come up to the open air and parades and other meetings late. I have done my best to get them up on time, but it seems impossible, they have fallen into the habit of coming late and I cannot get them out of it.

A.—The only remedy that we know of and an effectual one, where it has been tried is to commence the open air or inside meeting yourself promptly at the time you announce it for. Most officers have themselves to blame for this laxity. They failed to be prompt themselves and the soldiers have fallen into their bad habits. To wait and wait and wait for somebody to turn up is anything but advisable.

* * *

4. Q.—What am I to do with a man who is not saved but is a backslider and he will persist in wearing the badge. He says he paid for it and he has a perfect right to wear it.

A.—Unquestionably the badge is his property. If after personally seeing him about the matter he will persist in wearing it, we should publicly announce to the biggest audience possible that he has no right to, having ceased to show in his life the principles that a badge represents. We should also put up a notice in the barracks to the same effect.

"CHIPS!"

From the Changes.

CHOPPED BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

The changes that took place Thursday, Jan. 31st, affected 11 divisions in the Ontario and Quebec Provinces, 88 stations and 150 officers.

* * *

Eighteen officers were promoted—some from Cadets to Lieuts., and some from Lieut. to Capts., and others from Cadetship to Captainship.

* * *

Staff-Capt. Read comes from the Men's Training Home, Yorkville, for the time being, to assist at Headquarters, while Capt. Woodgate, of Guelph, has been brought to the Training Home to assist.

* * *

Guelph vacancy is supplied by Capt. May Smith, who has been resting for some time the Lord has graciously healed her, and she intends to give Him the glory and the strength.

* * *

Hamilton has a change from men to women officers, Capt. Brooks being succeeded by Capt. Keitch and Lieut. Glass from Lippincott Street. I hear they had a great farewell time at Lippincott, followed by an oyster supper and half-night of prayer, with all debts paid. A great work has been accomplished here, and Capt. Dougherty follows full of faith for the mighty awakening to continue. We gladly welcome the Captain back to the fight after his long enforced retirement.

* * *

Capt. Jim Brooks takes a long skip from Hamilton to Montreal. Capt. Lindsay, after about two years in the Toronto Division, also takes his journey into a far country, being appointed to Sherbrooke P.Q., where, some time since, the fire hose was turned upon the open-air meetings. May the Lord help him to have the fire blazing. This place should be a stronghold of the S. A.

* * *

The Training Home Major is extending his system, and intends to open Ottawa II. at once as a training ground for the Depot Cadets. Capt. Eva McKee will be in charge under Brig.-Capt. Matthews. Capt Topham leaves Ottawa I. for Coaticooke where we have just opened a new barracks, and the prospects are good. Capt. Goodwin from Kemptville goes to Ottawa to assist in the Ottawa Depot generally, and the No. 1 Corps particularly.

* * *

Montreal II. goes back to Petticoat government under Capt. Gamey, while Capt. Werry will be —. Well keep believing and you'll soon know.

* * *

The Training Home as usual supplies the stock for the "hard shops." Fergus being officered by Capt. Elliott and Lieut Adrain, two Lippincott lasses. Yorkville supplies boys for Malvern. The Lord make them devil-drivers.

* * *

After a long and cheerful stay at Glencoe, and with tearful regrets at leaving, Capt. Boyler and her Lieut. make a move towards Chesley, carrying peace and victory with them.

* * *

The never-say die Capt. Bertha Smith again comes to the front, and with a Lieut. from the Ottawa Depot has gone to make it hot for the devil at Napanee.

* * *

From Heaven's doorstep Capt. Johnny Gale takes a new lease of life, and will appear at Deseronto in full war paint as usual. God bless Johnny!

* * *

Gananoque will have a change to men, Capt. Taylor from Deseronto following Capt. E. Alyea who goes to Bowmanville to take up the reins laid down by Capt. Williams who has gone to Brampton.

* * *

Sutton Brass Band will lose its lady cornet player. Capt. Cooke, who journeys into the neighbouring division making Pt. Perry her battle ground, from whence the ever joyful Capt. Carrey will carry victory to Lakefield. The singing nightingale, Grant will recommend the sinners of Fenelon Falls to "roll their burdens from their weary hearts" for the next few months Capt. Charlie Bates moves northward to the rocky regions of Bobcaygeon I believe he will be helped by the Holy Ghost to bring many into green pastures.

* * *

Warkworth, Bath, Pickering, Stouffville, La Chute Mills, Richmond, P. Q., Stansted Junction Fort Erie, Hanover and a few other places will all pass from women to men officers, while the order will be reversed, women for men taking charge, at Hastings, Stirling, Carlton, Pembroke, Prescott, Danville, Pt. Rowan, and elsewhere.

* * *

To Redhot Paris from cold Fergus will be quite a new experience for Capt. Massécar and Lieut. Boswell, still I believe the change will be appreciated all round. Capt Fletcher from Paris with two Lieuts. will push the battle at Oakville, not forgetting to look after Bronte which has been made an outpost, hence the two Lieuts.

* * *

Lieuts. Stockton, Booth, Broadbelt, Meeker, Jordan, are all promoted to the rank and responsibility of Capt. taking charge of Brighton Courtice, Farmersville (lately changed its name Athens I understand), Stanstead Junction and Hanover respectively.

* * *

Welcome back to the fight Capt. Susie Mathews, Capt. Welwood, Capt Haldane, and Capt Richards! may your stations profit by your renewed strength.

* * *

From the clover of London Lieut. Currell goes to Falkirk as Captain. Lieut. Magee from there taking his place at London.

* * *

The salvation Dean of Chesley has a new appointment at Brussels in the Palmerston District, there are several other changes in this District, all local. Southampton, Wroxeter and Walkerton. The Adjutant believes for victory.

* * *

Oshawa loses its little Captain, who takes up the sword at Whitby station, vacated by Capt. Tom Michiel, who moves to the shouters at Uxbridge.

* * *

Lieut. Gamey suffering from blows received at Georgetown goes to rest. May the Lord restore her to the fight, and save her assailants Lieut. Pearson has taken her place.

* * *

Staff-Capt. Philpott puts a much needed post between Orangeville and Owen Sound by opening Dundalk. Capt. Fanny Richards and Lieut. Hewett should sweep the whole town for God, and prepare the way for other openings in that District.

* * *

Capt. Jones and two Lieuts. take charge of the corps with many outposts: Knowlton. A wonderful work has been going on in the villages Give God the glory.

* * *

Dear comrade, officer or soldier, if your appointment or corps has been overlooked in this hurried notice, remember it is not because you have not been as much thought of as anybody else. I hear the important cry of the printer for "copy," now or never! May God make these changes a help to His Kingdom.

R. Bailey,

> "My news is nearly exhausted,
> But again I take up my pen,
> To give to every reader
> Some 'War Notes' again."

Another addition to the Eastern Staff. D. O. and Mrs. Southall are the happy parents. This looks well for the "Coming Army."

* * *

By a mistake we forgot to announce in our "Indian news" that Brigade-Captain Langtry was appointed to Ceylon in Musa Bhai's division.

* * *

Also we are glad to learn that Mrs. Major Morris, whose name appears under the "Prayer column," has taken God as her Healer and is decidedly better.

* * *

In one of the leaders last week we announced a "special column" for those who needed prayer. It was shut out, but appears in our present issue.

* * *

The portly Colonel has been arrested and brought up before a magistrate, had the Riot Act read to him, prayed for the J. P. and got liberated. Hallelujah!

* * *

In one of the stations in the Chatham Division recently 14 prisoners were caught during a Sunday night's meeting.

* * *

A special correspondent writes:—

We got up on Sunday morning early, 6.15 a.m., in order to be in time for the knee-drill; had quite a distance to walk. On arriving we found the barracks locked, and after waiting in the cold till ten minutes past seven, we tacked the following note on the door and left:—"No one here, cold and tired waiting, going home to pray about it. Lord, awaken the people.

Signed ——

* * *

I hear that No. 2 Corps is to be opened shortly in Ottawa. Go ahead, Imperial City.

* * *

There is to be a "great hallelujah wedding" at Comber on Feb. 18th, so Alex. says. No doubt the ceremony will draw the crowds.

Scribe.

Woodstock Warblings.

A March to the Mayor's.

The Saved Conductor.

Fiery Fergus Faith

I am glad to tell you once more a little of our doings in this quarter of the earth, and as I have not sent you any news since Christmas I must tell you that on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29th and 30th, I was at Norwich. Staff-Capt. McHardy and Capt. Howell had been there and had good times, I saw and did the best I could to strengthen the young converts. Capt. Trott and Lieut. Shearer have a good hold. Capt. Dougherty was on hand to help to push the old chariot along. We had glorious times there.

On Monday night I finish the old year at Ingersoll with Capts. Gilroy and Howard. We had a good time at eight, a better at eleven. We dedicated two drums and two m uars and a secretary to God for the advancement of His kingdom. Two or three came out in the eleven o'clock meeting to consecrate themselves to God. At 12.30 (midnight) we start the New Year with a march up to the Mayor's; sang, played, and prayed by his house, wishing him a happy New Year. He returned the compliment and gave Capt. Gilroy five dollars to start the year with. Hallelujah!

At 10.30 New Year's Day we had a soldiers' meeting, and at three in the afternoon we had a holiness meeting. At night we expected a grand time, as Col. and Mrs. Dowdle and the Woodstock band and officers were to be over, but we were surprised to find about seventy came over. The barracks was filled and the Colonel got well hold, the band did extra well, and everybody seemed to enjoy it first rate. Two souls found the Saviour.

On Wednesday, Jan. 2nd, I went to Thamesford. Ingersoll officers and soldiers, Lieut. Bradley and Bro. Forbster with instruments helped well. We had a splendid crowd, as usual, but no souls.

On Saturday, Jan. 5th, I went up to Guelph. Here things had undergone a wonderful change; they have painted the barracks up in style, got furnaces in, and altogether things look splendid. Our Saturday night meeting was good. On Sunday, just before 7 a. m., I was surprised at the band starting up just outside of the quarters' door, and found they had come to take me to knee-drill. The roads were like glass, all iced over, and it was all we could do to keep the right side up with care.

Through the day God blessed us, and two came out at night. One soon jumped up and off, it meant too much. The other we hope to see and hear again.

Berlin was the next place visited. The devil has been about here from the first, he tried hard and long to drive them out by rough work outside but has failed, and has since tried to get them to fight amongst themselves, but he had not got far with his game before found out. Look out, comrades, one rotten apple will spoil the barrel. We had a soldiers' meeting at 7, public meeting at 8. God was in both. Capt. Frith, from England, and Lieut. Harris will conquer.

Rockwood was next on the list. It was a rough night but we had a blessed time. Capt. Woodgate and Lieut. Barker, from Guelph, helped us, and Capt. Wright and Lieut. Sergeant, from Acton. There seemed to be a good spirit with the soldiers.

Limehouse is but an outpost from Acton but has some good soldiers who have come to Acton in all weathers, so I thought I would spend a night there, and we had a good time. The barracks is not as large as the Temple, but it was as well filled although it was a terrible rough night.

Acton came next, and we had Capt. McKeen and Lieut. Rankin with us. Bro. Laing sang, "The glory train," and we had a blessed time.

Saturday and Sunday I was down for Fergus; Guelph band came over on Sunday, the town hall was taken, and we had glorious meetings. One brother said he hoped the day would never come when the Army would not have a corps in Fergus. Other Christians spoke, and at night the hall was nicely filled with respectable people. We cannot yet get a break in the enemy's ranks but it must come.

Elora was visited on Monday night. Capt. Massacar and Lieut. Boswell came over from Fergus. Capt. Coombs and Lieut. Richmond have done a good work there and are loved; they have had a few souls of late and are living for more.

Galt came next. It was Tuesday night and there were other attractions on but we had a good time. Several are ready to be enrolled here. Capt. Maltby and Lieut. Smale are in good spirits.

At Ayr we enrolled two comrades and saw that a better spirit had taken hold of the corps generally. There are a number of boys here that will, we hope, get saved or get better as they get up to be men instead of fancying themselves such. Capt. Kemp's voice is not good but as Cadet's is better we hope she will mend. Cadet Harper has been sick but is improving, praise the Lord.

Drumbo has had its ups and downs, but I am glad to say it seems to be just going up now. Capt. Husted and Cadet Ferguson are helping it up. We had a good time here. Praise God from whom all blessings flow! May God send showers of blessings. Amen.

ODDS AND ENDS

FROM

OTTAWA.

We spent a blessed week's-end at Brockville, and our own souls were refreshed while we tried to refresh others. Three souls for pardon, two for sanctification and ten who were enrolled were the visible fruits of our labors here.

We got the soldiers also to stir up the gift of God that was in them, so that they should do more for God in the future.

The soldiers at the outposts are doing a grand work without any officer to lead them on, they are enabled to go in for God, and last week they had ten souls saved and five came out for a complete deliverance from all sin.

In every town or city that we have visited yet, they have been having revival meetings, paying some stranger a few hundred dollars for to come and preach to them, but the soldiers don't believe in getting anyone as long as they can do it themselves with the help of God.

It did the Brockville braves good to have their country children in for the Monday night meeting, they were full of fire and full of the spirit of liberty within them.

Prescott, says the Captain, is a hard place, whiskey and rum sellers rule the town and churches, yet our Lord has a few, even in Prescott, who have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with the Lord in white, for they are worthy.

We had a lovely time, and quite a number of them were under deep conviction. The Captain is determined to do something for God in the way of visiting and holding meetings in the low dens where the light of Calvary seems to be in the dark. Go forward Captain, the Lord will guide thee continually.

It is not twelve months yet since the Army struck the Town of Kemptville, yet hundreds have been made to rejoice in a present Saviour who has saved them from their sins.

And for what the Lord has done for them they have brought in their tithes and offerings and have built a barracks unto the Lord, it is almost finished, and before this appears in the War Cry, will be opened, and I believe souls saved in it.

We had the pleasure of enrolling other ten soldiers to the number on the roll, who were led by God into this glorious Army.

Cornwall is a real Blood and fire corps. Many of the soldiers are filled with the Spirit of God. One godly member of a certain church told me that they had not had a revival in the town for twelve years, but since the Army came, hundreds have been saved, and the town has less drunkards and deep-dyed sinners in it to-day than it had twelve months ago.

The soldiers are all in uniform, and I can say of a truth, that I never heard such joyful singing since I left the land across the river. Eleven came forward to seek deliverance from all sin, and four came for mercy. Capt. Dolman has just taken charge, and I have no doubt but that she will bring many more to the feet of Jesus.

Morrisburg is a brother to the Cornwall corps, full of fire and holy determination to fight for God. May they ever keep this child-like spirit.

Capt. Kelly has got well hold of the people, souls are getting saved almost every meeting, the spirit of godliness is prevailing in the hearts of many.

Nine converts were enrolled as soldiers when we were their under the good old flag. Ten came out to seek deliverance from inbred sin, five cried for pardon and went away rejoicing.

Adjutant Sharp.

Halo from Halifax.

Mrs. D. O. McIntyre

We spent New Year's night in Truro. In the past I understand there has been very bad order in this place. Well, the order was all that could be desired, the meeting was very good, "the boys" looked and listened instead of kicking up a noise, a very sensible thing to do. Keep on boys. Captain Wright, small though he may be has gained a great victory in this respect. God bless him and help him to gain many more in every way. Things are looking up here the D. O. tells me, in fact the whole district is on the rise, bless God. Wednesday morning we went to Springhill Junction where we met Major and Mrs. Deakin and proceeded to Parrsboro Major will be telling you all about this meeting and the one at Springhill. Mines the next night, both were good. On Friday the D. O. went to Pugwash and I went on with the Major and Mrs. D. to St. John, N. B. The D. O. reports a fair crowd at P——— splendid meeting and one soul at the cross, glory be to God! He comes on to St. John on Saturday where the D. O's. of the Eastern Division are to meet in council with the Major. We were at the big meetings in connection with the same in the "old alley" on Saturday Sunday and Monday, they were grand but of course you will here about them through others, so I will hurry on. Wednesday we proceeded to Oxford after a drive of about three miles through the mud from the junction, some refreshments a little rest, and much prayer we went to the church, which is now an S. A. barracks

The meeting was real good from the commencement but the finish was by far the best. Four precious souls came to Jesus, a mother, son and daughter, and son in-law. They come by families here you see. I would advise other Oxford families to look out they may yet be caught too. Capt. Cole is very weak and sick, will every body pray that he may be healed as God is wonderfully blessing him in this place and we want the good work to go on, so does he, God bless him. A walk of about half a mile through mud and wind and torrents of rain, at 6 a.m. brings us to the train, which acts as station house and all for the time being as the road is not completed yet.

Then off we go to Oxford Junction only to find that the express has broken down at Salt Springs and we must wait until late in the forenoon. However, we have a very pleasant wait under the circumstances came across one of the last nights converts he tells us he is all right and very happy.

By and by we get started for Halifax, where we are now amongst a host of reports, letters and so on, just home for a few days until we get things straightened a bit then off we go again. Feel like praising God more and more for his goodness to the children of men.

Mrs. Staff. Capt. McIntyre.

Scraps from Kingston,

Blessed be the name of the Lord the war continues and many souls are being won from the enemy.

* * *

On a recent visit to Deseronto two souls were sanctified and came out, oh! so bright both willing to do anything for Jesus, so they said. We shall see.

* * *

I was informed too that quite a number of souls here are ready to be sworn in as soldiers beneath the flag that is going to wave till all wrong is put right. "Keep believing soldiers, shall be there again presently.

* * *

Capt. Taylor has evidently worked hard, and lived right, and God has given him victory in more ways then one.

* * *

Capt. Sammy Lawson and his wife at Bloomfield are all alive and mean to have victory for Jesus there, already they have seen good results but are looking forward for greater still.

* * *

Sammy seems to thrive. I guess the country air must suit him out there.

* * *

We had a look at Capt. Duff the other day at Picton and found that Duff was still the same girl that used to be in the west with us, just as determined as ever to push the battle through to the gates.

* * *

Enterprise is really an enterprising little village and has just had quite a wake up, the other night 5 sinners came and sought Jesus and found him, so it has just woke the citizens up to the fact that the Army is really alive yet. Hallelujah.

* * *

Consecon wants a building of their own and I'm convinced they need one bad enough. I believe from what I have heard that they will soon have one, for I do believe that Consecon contains not only talkers, but doers, that's what we want, isn't it, I'll let you know how it turns out.

* * *

In Wellington we have just purchased a suitable building very cheap that will act as barracks and quarters and be very nice and comfortable when Capt. Parker has done carpentering, etc. The Captain has made himself generally useful by working on the building in the day and doing his preaching at night. Well done! Capt. Faith and works go together.

* * *

I might say there are some proper Quarters here, they quake properly and let you know that they are saved and on the Lord's side. I like those kind.

* * *

One told me that only a few days before my visit there, that God had delivered him from tobacco smoking, he said he could use it in his church and it didn't condemn him but when he came to the Army he got condemned about it and had to quit it. Maxim.—Fire away officers give it no quarter.

* * *

At the opening of the building we had a good crowd, a nice meeting, and the people were pretty liberal with their means and helped willingly and the banquet passed off immense.

* * *

At Trenton we had lovely crowds and blessed meetings, many testified to being definitely blessed and we are believing for a glorious revival to take place before long.

* * *

More in the future War Cry. You can inform anyone you see that the blood of Christ keeps me clean continually and I never realized that I was so near to Jesus and that Jesus was so precious as He is to day. Hallelujah.

Yours under the Blood.

Wm. Wesley

Summary of Our Advance

(All over the world)

FOR THE YEAR 1888

Field State, Christmas, 1887-88.

	Corps. 1887.	Corps. 1888.	Outposts 1887.	Outposts 1888.	Officers. 1887.	Officers. 1888.
United Kingdom	154	142	[illegible]	[illegible]	2074	2,[illegible]
Canada	224	224	[illegible]	[illegible]	518	618
United States	100	171	87	21	80	88
Australia	240	257	220	221	660	770
Cape Colony	15	20	0	20	24	200
Switzerland	20	24	54	75	60	90
Sweden	25	65	—	—	170	180
Finland	15	20	—	—	25	35
Norway	20	25	—	—	35	35
Denmark	10	10	—	—	15	15
Iceland	1	1	—	—	2	2
	1000	1207	400	355	3,[illegible]	7,[illegible]

Increase in 1888: 224 Corps, 155 Outposts, 837 Junior Soldier Corps* & 1488 Officers.

It will, no doubt, be very interesting to our soldiers and friends in general to know that about 2,500,000 Canadian War Cries are despatched from our printing offices annually to all parts of the world.

MY MISSION.

LIEUT. G. L. WAGAR.

You ask me what is my mission?
If you'll read in faith you'll find
The Spirit of God is upon me,
To help me proclaim to mankind.

The glorious news of salvation,
Good tidings unto the meek,
To bind up the poor broken-hearted,
To urge them the Saviour to seek.

To tell that the "Lion of Judah"
Can liberate captives of sin;
Can open the doors of the prison
Where Satan has many caged in.

To urge them to act in the present,
The accepted day is to-day,
To tell of the day of God's vengeance
On those who from Christ stay away.

To go to the mourner with comfort,
To bring the world nearer to God,
To get the down-hearted to praise Him,
Who cleanses and washes with His blood.

So now I have told you my mission,
God helping me that will I do,
Oh! come and seek God in His salvation,
And this may be your mission too.

A Sympathetic Saviour.

CADET W. ROGER.

I have just been reading the account of a sinner brought before Jesus, to be judged, and as I read, I fancied I could see the multitude thronging about the poor, guilty, trembling, wretch, as she stands there miserable, condemned, awaiting the sentence of death to be pronounced upon her.

Young and old are there, all eager to assist in the execution of the sentence, and Christ, the loving Christ, says to the waiting, eager, throng, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Ah, conscience stricken, see them fall back. Their own hearts condemn them, and one by one, without a word to the woman they had come to slay, they took our departure and left her alone with Christ.

And when Jesus lifted Himself up and saw none there save her, He asked, "Where are thine accusers, hath no man condemned thee?"

And she answered, "No man, Lord." The gentle Saviour speaks then, does He indulge in a tirade against her sins, does He call her a poor, degraded, wretch, and turn from her in scorn?

Ah! no, 'tis such as her He loves. 'Tis for the lost He must shortly die, and this heart pities her in her misery, and I think the voice was more gentle that said, "*Neither do I condemn thee; Go, and sin no more.*"

I have thought many times of this little incident, when I have seen some poor, besotted drunkard, once created in God's own likeness, now marred with drink and sin, and my heart has filled with an unutterable longing to be able to tell him of a Christ who lives to save. One who will love and help him.

Once in my life, like those accusing people of old, I would have turned away in disgust or have been loud and bitter in my condemnation and have said, "He deserved to be miserable." But one look at myself as God saw me, humbled me, as I one look at Jesus taught me His love, and into my soul came a great pity, a great love for those who knew nothing of my Saviour.

Reader, is there some one you know, who has tried again and again to do right, only to fall and sink lower and still lower?

Is there some one who has been at the penitent form so many times that you are losing heart and faith that they will ever be better? Do you sometimes feel, as you see them kneeling again at the bench, "Oh! that wicked, miserable wretch, she's not worth bothering with?"

And feeling so, perhaps your words have not been very loving as you dealt with them.

You nor I can guess at the struggles and tears, the bitter anguish of defeat, at every fresh fall. We cannot guess at the amount of courage it takes, to come out again before those who have witnessed the failures, and "try again." Oh! when I see one like this my heart echoes, for I, too, have had falls, I, too, have suffered the bitter pain of defeat, and I, too, know how much resolution it takes to say "I'll try again."

Oh, be kind to such, take them by the hand, speak a gentle encouraging word, and let them see that you understand their struggles, and are looking on with keen interest and warm love, help them to go on.

No thought comes to a struggling, discouraged soul, with such bitterness as the one that no one sees or cares, and so often through a sort of despairing recklessness, they go on, yielding deeper in sin, *hoping a defiant, laughing face, over a bitter y, bitterly aching heart.* Don't judge by appearances that they don't care, for they do. If we could only see for one instant, the tumult of troubled penitence and shame, of recklessness and despair, of half formed resolutions, of hot nursed tears in the poor tortured heart, ours would bleed for very sympathy, and we could not have the heart to leave them as we did.

Oh! like Jesus, let us keep our condemnation for hypocrites, and our warmest love and pity for the struggling sinner. Like Him let us seek to help and to save.

Many a one to-day is back in sin, who, had some one shown love and pity at the first mistep, instead of blaming for weakness, would have taken fresh courage and tried again, whereas they thought, "Oh! well I no one cares anyhow," and so went on further and deeper in wrong until they gave up altogether and to-day are wretched and miserable. God help us to be more like Jesus in all things, and to help and save the lost.

It is when temptations and troubles come that He is nearest, it is when discouragement and doubt try to overwhelm our faith, that He stands ready, with cheering words and helpful. Oh, thank God, Jesus never fails in the time of need.

There is an old proverb that a stitch in time saves nine. I think that often a word in time will save many an agonizing prayer, many a bitter tear over the wandering.

God help us not to be sparing with our pity or our love and loving helpful words!

FIGHT IT OUT!

COMMISSIONER BALLINGER.

(*Continued from our last.*)

17 — Platform Fighting

Thank God for the chance of a word about the fight from our platforms just on the eve of the great meetings we are sure to have everywhere at Christmas and the New Year. A Salvation Army platform, by its very arrangement, tells a grand tale. Its constant motion shows that every soldier is expected to be ready to face the world and to be exhibited to the world with a view to their salvation; and for this very reason there are, perhaps, soldiers who shrink from taking their place on the platform. If you are one who has not yet grace enough to mount the glorious battery for God, do get grace for it without further delay! Don't attempt to excuse yourself on the plea that somebody else sins on that platform who is not fit to be there. Jesus Christ made no objection to be crucified between two thieves, and if you are not to the platform for His sake, and have before you the one object of glorifying His name, you will surely not be kept back on account of the little objections you may have to make to the life or conduct of some of your comrades. You don't think any of them are thieves, and in whatever respect they may be guilty you have the privilege of laboring that they may be made better. But your duty to the world you cannot escape from. Even if you were the only single-eyed, out-and out lover of souls in the place it would still be your duty to mount these steps and show yourself, whether with many or with few, on the Lord's side.

BATTERY SPIRIT.

But in what spirit do you mount the platform, time after time? Surely you do not take your seat there just as you would sit in any other part of the building, allowing the gladness of your march and song to have blinded you to the tremendous importance of the position to which you are mounting! Surely you are not to be seen there looking idly about in every direction, whispering, laughing, and otherwise acting as though it were nothing to be on a Salvation Army platform.

Have you never taken in the idea that the platform is one of God Almighty's batteries, erected against the kingdom of the devil, and that every time you go up there it is to take a part in a desperate fight, in which all the faith and love and light and power you can get will be required to do your part in working the Salvation guns against the enemy? Ah, if soldiers more generally understood all this, none of them would lightly leave that tremendously important position.

The gladness which lights up every face and pours in strains from every mouth on a proper Salvation Army platform, need not, in the least degree, lessen the intensity of the battery spirit. Indeed this triumphant joy is one of the most important weapons we have at our command, and of the most valuable aids to our victory. It would never do for everyone on the platform to be so impressed with the solemn importance of the occasion as to get into a silent, stiff, or dull condition. For this very reason it is impossible to lay down absolute rules for conduct, such as that no one must make a remark to another, or move about in his place.

One would like, even oftener than is now this case, to hear a comrade say to another, "There's Bill just come in!" and to hear an exact description of his dress and the place where he is sitting, if necessary, to point him out, for all that—supposing Bill to be an unsaved workmate—might be the very thing to enable several comrades unitedly in prayer and effort to win at his soul. But surely every soldier can easily distinguish between remarks which are necessary to the successful fighting of the battery and remarks which, though perfectly good in themselves, are needless, and, therefore, ought not to be made on the platform. Mere chattering there is abominable, and should be put down vigorously by every true soldier.

YOUR DUTY!

Everyone who sits on an Army platform ought to bear, as much as possible, the work of a Salvation Army officer. You may be called upon to speak, pray or sing, and if you sit on an Army platform you should always keep your soul in such a condition as not only to be willing to do so, but eager to share, in some way of this kind, in the attack upon souls. At the same time you may have to sit still in order that others may have the opportunity; and if you sit on an Army platform you ought to keep yourself in such an effective fire-and-delight-in-your-occupation, that you will always be ready to help them with all your faith and prayer, in doing their part. The nasty spirit, which grudges someone else a time or opportunity to fight from your platform is just as abominable as there as the coward spirit that wants to fight still and leave the brunt of the fight to other people. It is your duty, of course, always to be on the platform when you can, if you are a Salvation Army soldier; but it is no less your duty to live in such a spirit as to be fit to sit there, and never to be in such a condition as to weaken rather than increase the strength of your comrades in that grand position.

BATTERY VIEWS.

How easy it is to get into the way of sitting on a platform without one real, soldierly heart-throb about the people in front, especially if you have the misfortune to sit on a platform from which no real fighting has been done for some days.

Many readers of the "War Cry" have doubtless visited some of the old castles or shore batteries which exist at various points of the coast. In some of them a few modern cannon may have been placed in positions where they might some day be of use were an enemy to come in view; but, even where these guns exist, the whole scene is one of peace and beauty, and many a holiday-maker looks from such a spot in every direction with enjoyment and goes away without one single thought of war, or of anything, connected with war.

Is it not sadly too true that many a one loses just the same thing with Salvation Army platforms? They could remember how their hearts shook when they first tried to go up there; how they felt inclined to hide their faces from the first Sunday night congregation, and how many trials they had to make before they were able to get firmly on their feet to fire from that spot for the first time. Nothing but the sight of a multitude ready to perish, for whom salvation they were ready to sacrifice everything, could have enabled them to do so, to make that first step; but, also, that they have got accustomed to seeing a crowd come and go unchanged. They have even found out how to speak and pray and solo without feeling or troubling much about it, and instead of seeing, from the platform, a desperate crowd of perishing souls, for whose deliverance they ought to fight with all their might, they are able to look, even on the grandest crowd, with no nobler feeling than that of pride, that so many people should still come to look at them.

SOUND ASLEEP!

There can be nothing more dreadful, nothing more satisfactory to the devil than a Salvation Army platform filled with men and women at their ease, rejoicing in their own salvation and caring very little about the damnation of others. Do not deceive! —that cold, careless, heartless, reino a spirit can exist even on the platform of the best corps in the Army, but the cure of it depends for the continuance of a real, fighting life directly upon God.

I must return to this vital question again; but during this tremendous year I do beg of you, as you value your own soul's salvation, and as dupes and dishonor a Salvation Army platform by making it a sort of easy-chair.

It is holy ground, where God does not look for unnatural stillness or constraint, but where He does expect you to be what your position on it indicates—a lifer up of Jesus, a bold witness in the face of earth and hell—a thoroughly devoted and determined fighter for souls. God help you to be such, for this great salvation year, at any rate; and then, instead of hearing of mere demonstrations ending in an empty shout, we shall hear of another great uprising of the Army and the salvation of more thousands of souls than were ever saved in a year before.

REMARKABLE TROPHY

(*Of God's Saving Power*).

THE YOUNG SAILOR,

The Long-Headed Jew.

HARD AT THE PUMPS.

THE BROKEN VOW.

The Man in Fits - Delirium Tremens

IN PRISON.

AN ARMY OFFICER; RE-MARRIED.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

NOTE.—Owing to want of space we cannot give a detailed account of this other wonderful life, but we have given a few sketches here and there, which go to prove that God has Almighty power to save the very vilest and degraded, and in turn make them instrument in power for good. This officer is now stationed at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, one of the largest Corps in London, England.—ED.]

Harry Eyberd's life is a striking exemplification of the persistence of a work willed man in clinging to his own way. He had never been able to keep sober for even a short time, until assisted by the State or compelled to be so—owing to his confinement within the four walls of a State prison. Here let us remark that that Eyberd is the solitary instance we have ever met with, in a life which has brought us into contact with hundreds of ex criminals of all grades, of a man whose conversion or even reformation has been traceable in any way to the work of prison, reformatory, or penitentiary. And in his case, the change was due to a prison system, in force in the Antipodes, which allowed him direct intercourse with the Salvation Army.

Harry Eyberd's seafaring career had begun at fourteen. He was sent on an errand one day, but did not go. Instead, he wandered over to Tower Hill, where a long-headed old Jew spied him gazing, transfixed with admiration, as a second-hand sailor suit, hung in the window of his old clothes' shop. The Jew understood the situation in a moment. Oh, that all Salvation Army officers are quick to read faces, and to seize their opportunities for transactions as greatly to the

ADVANTAGE OF THE PEOPLE ATTACKED,

as the one Harry Eyberd made that morning was to his disadvantage!

"You wantsh to go to shea?" said the old clothes' dealer, advancing through the door. Harry stared. Here was a man of wonderful penetration! Yes, he did. Here, it seemed from the old clothes' man's representations, he had lit on the very person in all London who could best put him in the way of his heart's desire. In the twinkling of an eye, he was rigged out in the sailor's suit, escorted to a miserable little shipping office over a public-house in Thames Street, and handed over to a Yorkshire skipper, whose boat plied between London and Hull.

"Now you mushi go home and tell your parentsh you hash got a ship, and you mushi go on board to-night," said the old Jew.

Harry followed instructions, and his father and mother, knowing nothing of shipping laws and supposing that his bargain must be kept to at all costs, came over in a great state of mind, bought his kit from the old Jew at *four times its value*, and put him on board.

His first experience of seafaring life was not so delightful that one would have expected him to be infatuated by it. The Hell vessel was a miserable old hulk whose

CREW WERE KEPT AT THE PUMPS

all the voyage. She reached Hull on Sunday morning and the crew all set off for their homes with the exception of the lonely little "new boy," who was left alone to his glory. Remembering the vehemente exertions of the crew all along the voyage, he concluded that if he didn't keep on pumping, he should go to the bottom, and the passers along the wharf that morning were edified by the spectacle of an unfortunate boy pumping away as if his life depended upon his exertions, at a ship which lay quietly in port.

"Wretched old tub that of yours must be," said some of them to the captain, as he passed him, "your boy there is pumping for dear life!"

The irate and astounded captain hurried on board, shrieking,

"What thin dodn', tha fule? Tha mustn't poomp ship as 'arbor!"

"You pumped her all the way here, and I thought she'd go down if I didn't pump!" wailed the cabin boy.

Roving was at an end now for two years, and he had time to remember; time to remember the day he shipped for Aden instead of going home to pay a long promised visit, and the latter his mother had written him, "You have nearly broken our hearts. We are growing old and have little hope of ever seeing you again; time to remember how his wife used to look when she said, "Harry, if you go on so, you'll break my heart;" time to remember the days when he treated her, with a nice black suit over a black heart, and a Sunday habit of church-going covering his week-day habit of drunkenness!

"I shall go to sea again," he had said, at last, and shipped as steward in a vessel bound for Tasmania.

That was a fearful voyage!

The passage was rough, the crew insubordinate, and the captain, a tyrant. Arrived at Hobart's Town, Eyberd made up his mind to go no further. The captain swore he should go to Singapore, but the very day his ship was to sail, his steward was taken with a most frightful fit, fling the carrots he was peeling one way and his knife another, and required the attendance of all on board. Eyberd's reputation followed, for a steward is a most necessary article on board ship. The unfortunate steward was carefully secured in the captain's easy chair, let down into a boat and conveyed to a hospital. Here, to his great dismay, he was simply *putting on*, he was placed in a padded room, with a man to watch him and saw that he would be obliged to wrestle with his extremely violent exercise or else Harry almost wished he had never left. Still he kept it up till the next afternoon when he was placed in a ward, a help night-nurse, a kind-hearted, though evidently not a very straightforward young woman, came to him and said,

"Yes! you've got a bad skipper, haven't you?"

"Yes," he answered.

"You want to get out of sailing under him?"

Harry certainly did and admitted as much with great frankness.

"I'll tell you what to do," said the young woman. "Before the doctor comes to-morrow, you must get up and make a great fuss, knock your elbow—so!—and set your foot going. Then you need'n have any more trouble about sailing. I'll report you as having had a fit night."

The captain was finally forced to send part of the eighteen guineas he had earned on this voyage to his wife, but he put off doing so just a little too late. One glass of liquor drowned thought or care for her, and in nine days he was penniless. He drifted about the port for three months and then got another English ship.

The aimless months grew into years. Nothing seemed to lie before him but a deathbed framed in crawling snakes and real and fancied

HORRORS AND A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

One New Year's Day, he made a "good resolution" in the very midst of a drinking bout. "Success to the New Year," was the toast. A breath from out the "old times" when new years sometimes *did* bring success to him, swept over the black, miserable failure of his life, and he filled his glass with water.

"*May God strike me dead* if ever I drink again," he said.

He kept his vow for four months, and broke it one beautiful Sunday morning. Afternoon found him drunk again—so much so that when he fell overboard from a boat he was scuffling, he found himself unable to keep afloat, and was sinking for the last time when rescued.

The warning had no effect on him. There is little profit in going over the details of those years of sin. Suffice it to say that he was sunk nearly as low as was possible, when the arm of the law pulled him up, shot and sharp, and bade him halt for two years, at least.

He spent some months in an Australian prison where prison life is not so hard as it is in some countries, the prisoners being allowed to talk while at their work, and also to smoke twice a day for fifteen minutes; a new clay pipe and a certain amount of tobacco being furnished each man monthly.

For two months he worked in the quarries where one day the guard asked him if he could help him in the house.

"We don't carry hods at sea, but I am willing to learn," he answered.

At Adelaide he came across the Salvation Army, through the prison brigade workers and was terribly convicted of his sinful ways.

One night while he was reading by the light of the gas jet over his door, it went out. Harry was in a position to take the lesson He would have to get up in a position to be trusted. He would have been to come *out from your sin*, though as dear as a right eye, or as useful as a right hand.

You see if we could have been saved in our sins we should not have needed a Saviour—it was in order to save us from our sins that Jesus came.

I think I gather from yours that you have not been altogether prepared to do what God required of you. You have felt very uneasy, and at times the false peace, which you have tried to maintain, has given way, and your conscience and the Spirit of God have spoken to you. You were altogether unsaved, but instead of listening to this voice and giving up the evil at all costs, you have shrunk from the loss and shame and tried to excuse yourself and quiet the painful uneasiness by which you are surrounded. Is this not the case? Let conscience answer, and if it says "Amen," just now, while you read this sentence, turn your heart towards God and say, "Lord, I will give up this evil course. I will be willing to suffer the loss and shame, and, if need be, starvation, but I will obey and follow Jesus."

Perhaps you will say, "Ah, it is very easy for you so prescribe, but you don't know what this means to me." No, I may not, but I know it is the ONLY WAY THAT LEADS TO LIFE. If Pilgrim could have got to Canaan without leaving the City of Destruction, I suppose he might never have started, but this kind of religion was not

"It was Sunday morning, and I, 168 sang in the choir.

"May I be excused from choir?" he asked. "I would rather be locked in my cell."

The guard looked him in, and this man, who had not even a name any more among men, but only a number, flung himself on his knees before the God Who was still to him a God.

"As if, but him, were none,"

and poured out his soul. God answered. The organ pealed out,

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,"

and the showers fell into that cell, till 2,183 rose comforted and served the Lord faithfully in the prison for months longer.

* * *

Oh, that summer day, when Harry Eyberd went out into the world again—free! The ground was "too light to walk on," he says. Yet he was afraid. He had got to the point where he felt he would rather stay in prison all his life than fall again—the only point whereat it is really safe to let a man out—and he had not yet learned how to trust God in temptation. His God-given ability to pass the public-houses was a revelation. The God-sent love and fellowship that met him at the morning where that little woman with the shield met him with her baby in her arms was another. The salvation soldier made an honored guest of him, and oh, what her home looked like after his cell! He expected to creep into the Army hall that night, a timid stranger, after his friend. But the hall was packed with the people who were waiting to hear "Happy Harry" tell how he was saved in the Sneckads, and the joy spoint over him drowned his shyness.

He became an officer soon afterwards and was most successful. His wife in England heard of the great change, and in great joy exclaimed, "If God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven him, I can forgive him, too," and wrote him.

* * *

Major Thorman gave him permission to join her in England. Three times he farewelled, and three times the cry of some sudden need was so loud and the lack of officers so piteous, that he turned back to the field. "Just to hold on a few weeks," after he had reached Headquarters. At last, he got a ship and worked his way home as a steward. A different enough voyage from Harry Eyberd's outward bound! The vessel stopped over Sunday at St. Helena, where our soldiers were waiting for officers. Somehow, they found out that there was an Army Captain from Australia on board this ship, and sent a deputation on board to ask him to take a meeting. He plucked up courage and obeyed the ship's captain.

This left don't know anything about the address Army," said that personage, and in "*I believe* in you. I can't allow a writing out of my ship;—but there! You're a Christ. You won't get drunk. You

Major who did and had a splendid meeting. "A conversa the hallelujah blacks."

been to a slow ship put in at last at Grave-

light of it

"Allos,"

"Are you

if you were

This sta

thoes wo

AND HUSBAND AND WIFE NEXT.

The lapse of years.

Come in here," said Captain Eyberd to his wife, as they passed a jeweller's

"Want a wedding ring," he said to the

One of dear, I have one," she interposed.

get a fall that, was for *old* Harry, you must took him form of I saw ring for the new Harry who an hour to God and you.

and the leaving the gaol knew th fraggin since he in one ing sketches from Life, and also also said s Salvation Army. Apply to Commanmount S.A. Temple, Toronto.

pose o to get

ANY one who reads carefully the narrative of Christ's life, after He entered upon His public ministry, cannot fail to be struck with the fact that it was a life of the most intense and continuous activity. He had few leisure moments, and spent no time in taking vacations. There is not an intimation anywhere that His health suffered by this prominent action. Indeed, there is no intimation that He was ever sick a moment.

WANTED! WANTED!!

[illegible] or more good Artists, suitable of

[illegible]

ARRESTED!

The Riot Act Read.

Colonel Dowdle stirs things up.

(From the Empire.)

Prayed for the Magistrate and got off.

WINDSOR, Ont., Jan. 28.—Two officers of the Salvation Army were to be tried before Magistrate Bartlett this morning for disturbing the peace. Before the court opened the Army descended in force on Magistrate Bartlett and began to pray for him. Mr. Bartlett waited for them to finish their devotions; then he thanked them for their prayer and read the Riot Act to them about assembling on the streets in a crowd. They promised to behave properly in the future, and the magistrate let them all go.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Neath the Surface.

E. T. E.

TUNE—*In the gloaming.*

DO not judge by mere appearance,
If the truth you wish to know,
Of the secret in the bosom,
Of the souls who hither go.
Stiffened necks and proud rebellion,
Oft conceal an undone soul,
Broken hearts oft own a mansion,
While to misery they're sold.

Hours of darkness, hours of sorrow,
Covered up by outward show,
Hid beneath the outer covering,
No one but themselves doth know.
Voice of conscience, spirits striving,
And conviction's piercing sword,
Lay beneath the mask they carry,
And the vanities they hoard.

Slaves of sin and dupes of Satan,
Held within his hellish grasp,
Dragged from life and truth, and smarting
With a sting far worse than a[s]...
Blighted hopes and dark forebod[ings]...
Dark damnation drawing near...
Not one hope of future comfort,
All is swallowed up of fear.

Song and dancing, jest and lau[ghter]...
Have their place when friends...
Filling thoughts and quiet mo[ments]...
With a sense of guilt and fe[ar]...
Steal into that silent chamber,...
When the lights are burning...
Learn the Spirit's still small v[oice]...
Friends are gone and lights...

2 Shout Salvatio[n]...

LIEUT. FRED WOOD, BOMBAY, ...

TUNE—*Marching through Ge[orgia]...*

SHOUT aloud salvation, be[...]
sing it in your songs, ...
Sound it on our tambourines, an[d ...]
on your drums;
Tell poor sinners they must turn [...]
up doing wrong,
As we go marching to glory.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! my soul is fill[ed with]
glee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! salvation just suits ...
Sound it to the nations boys, wherever
you may be,
As we go marching to glory.

Shout it out, ye soldiers; we're sure to
win the fight,
For Jesus is our Captain, and He leads us
in the right;
To pull the devil's kingdom down, we'll
try with all our might,
As we go marching to glory.

For when the Army started they thought
we would disband,
But we belong to Jesus, and for Him we
took our stand;
To spread salvation on the streets, why
this is God's command,
As we go marching to glory.

So when the war is over, and the victory
we have won,
Salvation Army soldiers will go singing
Glory Home,
Oh! what a glorious time we'll have, our
Father bids us come,
To reign with Jesus in glory.

3. A Penitent's Prayer.

EDWARD SMITH RENFREW.

TUNE—*I'm satisfied with Jesus here etc*

O Lord I came for pardon here,
O cleanse my heart from sin,
O, do not hide Thy face so dear,
Give me Thy peace within.
Just as I am, I come to Thee,
Rebellious though I've been,
Thy precious blood, my only plea,
Can wash away my sin.

CHORUS,—I'm going to live for Jesus here,
He's everything to me,
His precious blood, to me so dear,
From sin it sets me free.

Prostrate here at Thy feet I lie,
Purge Thou my sins away
O, save me, Saviour, or I die,
Wash Thou my soul this day.
Although my guilt is great indeed,
Yet I will on Thee lean,
Because I feel of Thee the need,
I feel my load of sin.

Therefore my trust is in Thee, Lord,
Hear now and answer me,
I'm trusting Thee, I claim Thy word,
I give my heart to Thee
Be Thou from this my hiding place
And sheltered in Thy side
I claim Thy all sufficient grace
To be henceforth my guide.

I love Thee, Saviour, for Thou art
Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Take now possession of my heart
And keep it to the end,
From hence I leave my all with Thee,
Let me be wholly Thine,
Thy love, bestowed on m[e] ...

W. KEMP, E. T. R.

TUNE—*Over Jordan, or Bound for Glory.*

IN the paths of sin I trod,
Never thinking of my God,
And was doing all I could to offend Him;
But the Army came along,
With their music and their drum,
And they learned me this new song—
Keep on smiling.

CHORUS.

Keep on smiling, keep on smiling,
Though the devil he may grin,
He can never make you sin;
Keep on smiling, keep on smiling,
Through the Blood we're sure to win,
Keep on smiling.

I did often hear them say
God had taught them how to pray,
And was not ashamed to say, Hallelujah!
But the thing that most struck me,
Was the Captain in his glee
Tell the soldiers to be free,
And keep smiling.

I could never understand
Why they smiled and clapped their
hands,
Could they serve God with their band, and
be holy?
But I soon began to see,
Lads who once were bad as me,
Tell that Jesus set them free,
And was smiling.

I am now a soldier brave,
And have proved that God can save,
He could free me though a slave (to the
devil);
Now I'm fighting for the King,
Precious souls I mean to bring,
Since they taught me how to sing—
Keep on smiling.

A BIG IMPROVEMENT

has been made in the general "get up" of this week's "Little Soldier." It is just adapted to boys and girls. Order another six dozen.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Lieut. Barth of Malvern, to be Captain at Courtice.

Lieut. Logan of Uxbridge, to be Captain at Pickering.

Lieut. Correll of London, to be Captain at Selkirk.

Lieut. Jordan of Walkerton, to be Capt. at Hanover.

Lieut. Stockton of Cannington, to be Captain at Brighton.

Lieut. Broadbelt of Renfrew, to be Capt. at Farmersville.

Lieut. Meeker of Danville, to be Capt. at Stanstead Junction.

Lieut. Elliott of Lippincott T. H.. to be Capt. at Fergus.

Lieut. Fraser of Toronto VI., to be Capt. at Malvern.

Cadet Ewart of Hamilton, to be Lieut. Oakville.

Cadet Adrain of Toronto IX., to be Lieut. Fergus.

Cadet Hough of Toronto VI., to be Lieut. at Malvern.

Cadet Piercey of Ottawa T. H., to be Lieut. at Coaticooke.

Cadet McClenaghan of Ottawa T. H., Lieut. at Napanee.

Cadet Stone of Yorkville T. H., to be Lieut. at Cannington.

Cadet Martin of Brantford T. H., to be Lieut. at Guelph.

Cadet Grubb of N. Coaticooke, to be Lieut. at Montreal II.

Cadet Snelgrove of Knowlton, to be Lieut. at N. Coaticooke.

Cadet Leslie of Toronto XI.. to be Lieut.

Private George Arnold of Woodstock, to be Cadet at Hillsboro, N.B.

Private Lena McDonald of Stellarton, to be Cadet at St. John, T. H.

Private Matilda Ivamy of Oxford, N.S., Cadet at St. John, T. H.

T. B. COOMBS,
COMMISSIONER.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
TORONTO, ONT.

SELF-DENIAL FUND.

NOTE.—The receipts from Lunenburg should be read $89.00, instead of $29.00, together with a quantity of jewellery to be sold.

WAR CRY
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1889.

The following we cull from a paper called the *Baptist Visitor*, edited by two reverend gentlemen of P—— and P—— H——. This item of interesting news is placed under the heading of "Mission Work." Here it is:—

"The recent detachment of fifty that went to join the Salvation Army in India are dying so rapidly under the hardships and privations they endure in their attempts to live as the natives do that, in two years' time, at the present rate, not one of the fifty will survive. Is it lawful to save life or destroy it?"

Now this is news to us, but such untruthful news that it makes one blush to know that it is called from a paper edited by men of talent and of God. We are rather in a fog as to which fifty officers this paper refers to, whether to the fifty who went out with Mrs. Tucker, or to the twenty Canadians, but we are happy to be able to contradict this exaggerated statement and say that every officer is well in body and soul, and as far as we know during the last twelve months there has been only about three or four deaths occurring to our comrades and that through cholera, etc.

Now in contradiction of this exaggerated statement we quote a paragraph from a letter received from a Canadian lad who has lived in India for over two years: "I noticed an extract from one of the daily Toronto papers, a short time since, remarking that Canadians are only going to India to die, etc. Well, I can only say that I am as strong and healthy as I ever was in my life, and spiritually my experience is,

"Oh, the peace the Saviour gives,
Peace I never knew before,
And my way has brighter grown
Since I learned to trust Him more."

I thank God that He has planted in my heart a real true love for the natives of this country, and my two years' residence here has only bound me closer to dear India. We are believing for a contingent of fifty next year. Don't disappoint us.

"Yours for the world's salvation,
"SATYA PRAKASH (Park),
"Late Canadian Headquarters."

This is quite sufficient to overthrow the *Baptist Visitor's* note on Mission Work.

SNAP! We are making very special efforts to improve the general "get up" and tone of both the WAR CRY and LITTLE SOLDIER, and we feel assured that if every one did a little, these papers would be far more attractive, and far more good would be accomplished through their columns. Sermons and long articles we *do not want*, but we want short, snappy, pieces of wonderful conversions, desperate characters saved, open-air engagements, visitation, WAR CRY selling, and all other interesting salvation news. Write something that will be read. If you have a talent for writing send along something good for the next CRY, not forgetting that all matter for this purpose must be something that will attract the class of people we are after.

ALL THE WORLD. Do you read it? If not, procure a sample copy right away. In another part of this paper will be seen the "notice" for the January number. The General's retrospect of the Great S. A., is a marvel in itself, while the photos of the Commandant Herbert Booth, and Miss Stirling, (the modern prisoner of Chillon) are equally as good. It really ought to be on the table of every salvationist's home, and we feel sure it only needs to be well advertised to ensure for it a good sale throughout our Dominion. Every officer, soldier and friend, subscribe for it at once. One officer has already ordered two dozen.

— THE — COMMISSIONER

(Still on the Wing.)

NORWOOD BRAVES.

Two Hard Nuts. A Soul Saved.

TWEED MOVING ON,

COLORS PRESENTED.

Oh! the Baby—Our Jack—Come on Purpose to get Saved—Away With the Pipe—Arranging for Camp at Big Bay—Barrie Moving.

Are we happy? Why, of course we are, and who would not be since God has done such wonderful things for us? There is nothing in the world like getting people saved, and the prospect of having a good pitch in for God in the Peterboro' Division and also in the Barrie, was enough to fill one's soul with gladness. Well, it was my privilege, and a high old time we had.

NORWOOD was first on the list. Quite a nice town, this, in fact, much larger and more enterprising than one would imagine, viewing it from the railroad track. Capt. Kemp and Cadet took good care of me, and I have only to say that Staff-Capt. Marshall and Capt. Hind accompanied me to let our readers know I was well supported. The meeting out doors and in were good. The singing went well, and we laughed and almost cried together, and had such a good time that I almost wished I could stop for a week and help give the old chariot a push. In the morning, at the quarters, we had the joy of seeing one dear soul come to God and accept salvation, which served to sharpen our appetites for

THE WAR IN TWEED.

Now this is a place I had wanted to visit, and up till the present had not had an opportunity; however here we are and a real nice time we had. It was a presentation of colors here, as well as Norwood, and although they had had colors presented previously, yet never

THE WORLD WIDE SALVATION ARMY COLORS.

We had the joy of leading a soul into the light before the meeting, and inside the meeting we had a mellow time. The testimonies were full of divine unction and power, and while a solemn feeling pervaded the meeting at times, yet we had plenty of liberty. There are some promising candidates for the field here who I had the pleasure of seeing, and who will soon be in the front of the fight, I trust. We also had a load come over from MADOC, and we were glad of their company and enjoyed their testimonies. Surely the day is not far off when they will be comprehended in the

GRAND OLD S. A.

After a good hand-shake and many kind wishes for our future success, we repaired to the officers' quarters to rest awhile until our train left for Toronto. "Oh for the power to draw a few pictures!" I am sure you would be much interested.

Capt. Hind was telling me the story of how when she and her two comrades wanted to turn and ease one side of them, they did so together as though moved by clock work. While I can assure you it was a picture worth seeing to look at the Divisional Officer asleep in the old arm chair, and your humble servant resting his weary bones on the kitchen floor, and trying to find the softest spot. However we pulled through all well, and soon were up on board the cars at a few minutes past three o'clock. Several kind friends would like to have entertained us but we could not stay One thing is certain, any special officer stopping off at Tweed will be sure of a good billet and lots of kind friends.

We were booked to spend Saturday and Sunday at ORILLIA, and on my arrival I found a nice crowd waiting and

A BABY TO DEDICATE.

We had a good time indeed. At the close of the meeting I was introduced to "our Jack," which, would you believe it, was none other than the offspring of our old and tried friend Capt. Jack Addie, and if what I hear is right, some other dear friends are going to have their baby called Jack, so that whoever does the dedicating up Orillia way will not have a hard name to pronounce. The Sunday's meetings were good. Things seem to be rising, and in spite of the storm which raged God gave us some splendid meetings. We had two souls for pardon and four for purity, and I can assure you we will remember last Sabbath, and so will they who got converted. I was much pleased with the appearance of the barracks, everything as clean as a new pin. You could scarcely think you were in the same building as you used to go into. Oh that every officer would take an interest in keeping their buildings in good shape. Mrs. Addie is well saved, praise God, and will soon be strong enough to help roll on the old chariot.

Monday finds us at GRAVENHURST, and we are surrounded by a few of our dear officers, headed by D. O. Body. Our banquet and meetings were good. God gave liberty to those who spoke, and say, we gave

CAPT. AND MRS. FINK'S BABY

to the Lord, and God gave us the joy of seeing a dear man and his wife accept salvation. He had been a soldier in the Old Land seven years, was persuaded to take a glass of wine for his cold, and down he went full swing to the devil. However he came to our meeting and God took hold of him and his dear wife and they both volunteered for salvation. He told me he had come on purpose and had thrown away his pipe outside. They both testified, and their two daughters who are both soldiers rejoiced with us. We finished the meeting here with a little soldiers meeting, and we believe that the soldiers of Gravenhurst and BRACEBRIDGE were much blessed and the future will be effected by that meeting. God be with you my dear comrades. Bro. and Sister McArthur looked after our bodies. The Lord reward them for their kindness.

We made tracks early in the morning, long before the break of day for Barrie.

We drove away during the day to BIG BAY POINT to see about making arrangements for the coming camp meeting, and got back in good time for a splendid march with Capt. Watson, wife and baby, and his braves. A good march with a good crowd of uniformed soldiers is just the thing to liven a fellow up. This was the case at Barrie, and I can assure you I felt jolly outside. In the meeting God manifested His power and saved one soul, and made the people a blessing to me, and I trust me to them. We presented colors to the corps and commissions to the Sergeants. We could not help but review the past of this corps and what God had done in and through it. Dear Comrade Madden, now in heaven, was much blessed of God in laying in a foundation, and to-day we have a most blessed band of warriors here, and the soldiers have gone from this corps to all parts of the Dominion, and some to England, and others to India, and several we believe God will send some to all parts of the world. Soldiers of Barrie and Peterboro' Divisions stick to your guns, make a good fight. Hang on to the souls who come to your penitent-forms, make them into warriors and you shall play a big part in shaking the world.

Yours to help,
COMMISSIONER.

Have you seen the new Enlarged and Beautifully Designed

"ALL THE WORLD"
for January 1889!

A sample copy sent FREE to all who write to COMMISSIONER at once.

A LETTER — FROM — MRS. BOOTH

NO. I.

To a Person in Darknes and Controvarsy.

Dear Miss N.,—I have yours, and cannot express the sympathy I feel for you in the very peculiar circumstances in which you are placed. I am often tempted to wish, when dealing with such cases as yours, that I might make the way of Salvation easier than my Master has made it; but, alas! even if I dare to do so, experience in dealing with numbers of miserable professors has shown me that all false ways end only in misery and death!

I fear that you are laboring under a very common delusion, in supposing that *circumstances* can be an *excuse* for *sin*. You say that you believe that you accepted Christ as your Saviour two years ago, but that you were so edged in with the circumstances to which you refer, that you could not see your way out, and have been waiting ever since for the Lord to open a door. If this referred to mere misfortune, over which you had no control it would perhaps have been the best course; but if as you seem to indicate, the circumstances involve *sin* that is quite another thing.

I fear you must have been sadly led astray by your religious instructors if you were led to suppose that Christ would in any sense become your Saviour while you continued in unrighteousness. There is no offer of Salvation on any such terms in whole Bible, when interpreted consistently with itself, that is, when both sides of the same truth are allowed to take their proper proportions. Therefore you could not have taken Christ to be your Saviour, in the Bible sense, for if you had, the very first lesson He would have taught you, even before He enabled you to trust Him, would have been to come *out from your sin*, though as dear as a right eye, or as useful as a right hand.

You see if we could have been saved *in* our sins we should not have needed a Saviour—it was in order to save us from our sins that Jesus came.

I think I gather from yours that you have not been altogether ignorant as to what God required of you. You have felt very uneasy, and at times the false peace, which you have tried to maintain, has given way, and your conscience and the Spirit of God have assured you that you were altogether unsaved, but instead of listening to this voice and giving up the evil at all costs, you have shrunk from the loss and shame and tried to excuse yourself because of the painful circumstances by which you are surrounded. Is this not the case? Let conscience answer, and if it says "Amen," just now, while you read this sentence, turn your heart towards God and say, "Lord, I will give up this evil course. I will be willing to suffer the loss and shame, and, if need be, starvation, but I will obey and follow Jesus."

Perhaps you will say, "Ah, it is very easy for you to prescribe, but you don't know what this means to me." No, I may not, but I know it is the ONLY WAY THAT LEADS TO LIFE. If Pilgrim could have got to Canaan without leaving the City of Destruction, I suppose he might never have started, but this kind of religion was not invented then. Salvation in sin has been a favorite delusion with the devil ever since John wrote his epistles, and one which I fear is still ruining thousands. My dear young friend, don't let it ruin you. Arise and flee for your life, for every moment that you abide in your present state increases the probability of your destruction.

The *longer sin is tampered* with the stronger hold it gets and the less power the will has to reject it. The first moment the Spirit of God showed you the sinfulness of your conduct, that moment you should have abandoned it.

Never mind what any false comforters may say, what does your Bible and the Spirit of God say? Obey these and reject all who contradict them. If you will not forsake your sin you cannot have Christ, but the moment you do so, no matter how wrong, or foolish, or rebellious you have been, He stands waiting to receive you and ready to say, "Go in peace and sin no more." May the Lord help you to cut loose, prays,

Yours, in faithful love,
CATHARINE BOOTH.

NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY

will be very attractive, and will contain stirring accounts of the War all over the Dominion. Read it! read it!! read it!!!

Headquarters Happenings.

The office accommodation at Headquarters has been much improved. A waiting room for those wishing to see the Commissioner and additional correspondence room has been added. The staff has also been augmented. Two type-writers are now used in the correspondence department.

* * *

The Staff Band, fourteen strong, marched four miles through the deep snow leading the funeral cortege of a departed little brother. Got back to Headquarters and pulled up work that had got in arrear.

* * *

Three mornings running the Staff knee-drill exceeded its time by ten minutes. Full of glory here.

* * *

As twenty minutes to six one night, all the lights went out. The gas backslid. Great consternation. Scrimmage in the S. A. Post office to catch the mail, aided by dim light of coal oil lamp. Complete absence of artificial gas. Great abundance of natural gas however.

* * *

At three o'clock the Commissioner called in one of his shorthand writers and dictated a letter. At six o'clock a copy of this letter was laying in the post office, addressed to every corps in the Dominion and in Newfoundland. This is the type-writing cyclostyle system.

* * * *

The telephone line was crossed. The Major went in the box. "Allos," no reply. "Allos," and then he heard a lively conversation between two ladies who had been to church overnight and were making light of it. A good chance to fire a shot. "Allos," "Well" said both the ladies. "Are you saved?" "Where would you go if you were to die?" back from the Major. This staggered them. The Lord save those women. Amen.

* * *

One of the Headquarters boys could'nt get a fellow saved in the meeting, so he took him to his quarters, made a penitent form of his bedside, and after a little over an hour's struggle, a surrender was made and the free one went from the quarters leaving behind with the happy staff boy the gambling paraphernalia (we don't know their proper names), that had been dragging him down to hell. We have since heard he has given a good testimony in one of our meetings. Bless God. The said staff boy is ready to receive any amount of these cursed things given up in the right spirit, and knows how to dispose of them. Hurry up if you are going to get saved.

REMINGTON.

THE "LITTLE SOLDIER"

for this week is a marvel. Every field officer should read it through, and well advertise it among parents and children. You ought to raise your order AT ONCE.

Wheels within Wheels.

THE WELSH MINSTREL.

Johnny McRay had a rooster to fight,
And to see them engaged was his great delight,
And often he went to indulge in the sight.

Of course in the ring the poor rooster would go,
To please the coarse taste of brutality show,
And fight till they died' no better did know.

Now Johnny McRay when his rooster would beat,
Would dance with delight to see the fine feat,
And his companions would join in the rally "dead beat."

The fire that leads to transgression is bad,
Destructive and sinful to any poor lad,
Though it starts with enjoyment, in the end it becomes sad.

Now, Johnny McRay saw in fighting no harm,
Rejoicing in victory with rooster neath arm,
Another small ring seemed to give him a charm

This ring was one of the great S. A.,
In which the old devil is fought every day,
And often is beaten, and complains of foul play.

But Johnny stood still to hear them sing,
And knew some who formed this mysterious ring,
Which wonder and thought to his heart did bring.

Convicted of sin his dark heart was sad,
He felt and acknowledged he'd been a bad lad,
And to give it all up a good mind he had.

One of his neighbors spoke a word which was wise,
The tears came freely to the gamester's eyes,
And he entered the ring to the devil's surprise.

They put down the drum for a penitent bench,
There the Lord from the devil his heart did wrench,
Till sin and the devil to his soul were a stench.

Of the rooster an offering at once he made,
On the drum as a sign of his sins decade.
And his heart for a land whose joys never fade.

His sins and the rooster he gave up with tears,
Groaning, bemoaning his sins of years,
Till Jesus allayed his guilty fears.

Now, Johnny McRay is a soldier so good,
And has ceased to delight in the things once he would,
In his terrible sins and the rooster's blood.

He carries the flag in the Army to-day,
And marches to heaven which is far the best way,
And thanks God for the ring of the good S. A.

ADVENTURES
— OF —
BOB AND TOM.

Barracks Smashed, Windows Smashed, Hearts Smashed.

The Tables Turned at Georgetown.

STAFF-CAPT. McHARDY.

GEORGETOWN! Who has not heard of Georgetown? This is the place they call Quebec II. on account of the mean treatment we have received from the hands of the rowdies. In this town myself and Capt. Howell landed last Friday for the purpose of holding a week of special salvation meetings.

A TALE OF WOE.

On arriving at the station we were met by a soldier with a bob-sleigh ready to convey us and baggage to our billet. Of course we questioned him as to how things were in general. We got very little encouragement to believe for victory. Said he: "Just last week the toughs stoned the barracks and pryed off the shutters and smashed in the windows, sash and all; and not satisfied with that they broke the windows of the officers' quarters, which are above the hall. Every pane of glass in the building has been broken since the Lieutenant who is now here came, also some of the window sashes. They broke a hole in the front of the barracks nearly as large as the doorway. The people will not come to our meetings, they are afraid of being *hit with the large stones* that they throw. Our congregation on Sunday night amounted to only twenty-four, soldiers and all. We have about twelve soldiers; some of them live in the country and cannot get to meeting very often. No souls have been saved for many weeks." This was the poor fellow's tale. It was something to be a soldier here. You want some kind of special meetings here I thought. "God help us, Tom," I said, turning to Capt. Howell, "this is another tough nut."

OUR FIRST MEETING.

FRIDAY. This meeting was announced to be for Christians and Soldiers, and if the unsaved lads would behave themselves they would be allowed in also. About thirty young men came (to size us up, I suppose), among them were some of the disturbers. God quieted them down and they gave us their attention. I began to feel that God who closed the lions' mouths would keep these young whelps from doing us any injury. A very encouraging meeting was held, eight coming out for cleansing.

NO DISTURBANCE TO-NIGHT

(SATURDAY) in the way of stone-throwing, but four drunken men made a little noise at the back of the barracks. About 100 people came to hear the story of the bleeding Lamb. We had two soldiers on the march.

THE TABLES BEING TURNED.

Sunday three soldiers mustered for knee-drill. We told God that the devil had been laughing in his sleeve at us long enough, "Now turn the tables, give us souls," was the burden of our cry. We closed by saying, "I believe." Nothing of unusual interest happened all day save that the crowds were good and one soul cried for mercy. This encouraged the soldiers much. God helped us to tell out the whole Gospel, and I can tell you some of the people felt uneasy as Capt Howell began to thunder God's judgment after them. God is pickling them properly. We will yet have a break.

TWO SOULS FOR PARDON.

MONDAY. This evening's meeting was one of deep conviction and two sisters sought forgiveness of sins. About a dozen boys followed the Captain and myself part of the way home, cheering us up by singing our songs. God has given us the hearts of these dear fellows. God bless them!

A BREAK! A BREAK!!

TUESDAY. We had a prayer-meeting this afternoon at a friend's house and she got convicted of her sins and came to the night meeting and got saved. We called for volunteers at this meeting and two walked right out, a young man and woman, soon to be followed by four others. None of them have ever served God before. Oh, how the soldiers rejoiced, and the toughs whispered, "A break! a break!" An old lady sixty years of age was among the converts, also two young women, daughters of the Methodist friend where we stayed on Sunday. All the family now are on the way to Zion. Hallelujah! We wound up the meeting at 11.15.

THREE MORE; OTHERS IN PICKLE.

WEDNESDAY. A young girl, a daughter of the Christian where we held the prayer-meeting to-day, got saved and testified in the evening meeting. Three of the young converts on the platform. It rained hard to-night, but a good crowd assembled together and a man who had once been a good soldier, but who had, in an unguarded moment, yielded to the tempter, came back to the fold and *volunteered right out* from the last seat in the barracks amid the hallelujahs of the dear soldiers. He said in his testimony that he had spent thirteen of the miserablest months of his life. Two young women came forward also, they wanted to get saved without paying the price, but they found God could not be played with, He would have 100 cents on the dollar or none at all. They paid it and God saved them. Many are in pickle.

THE RINGLEADERS IN THE FOUNTAIN.

THURSDAY. Our last day here. I have enjoyed our visit much. We have had no stone throwing at all, the soldiers have been cheered up, the officers as well, and altogether we shout, "Glory to God!" One of the ringleaders of the disturbers at the penitent form crying for mercy. Oh, what rejoicing among the soldiers, and it did my heart good to see his chums gather around and shake him by the hand and tell him to be faithful—good advice from the unsaved. That's just what my chum did to me when I made a start for the kingdom. Some of the boys told me they intended to begin serving God.

The visible result of our visit is eight for sanctification and fourteen for salvation.

We closed by giving the converts a word of advice, which, if carried out, will end in their being salvation soldiers.

Indians on the Trail.

Fairly on the Scent at Oakville—Still on the Job at Hamilton—Regular Bloodthirsty at Dundas—A Big "War Whoop" over the Enemy at Richmond St.—Great Scalping at the Temple.

The village of OAKVILLE was rather astonished at the arrival of the group and it was here we went in for a good Indian jubilee. We were just

THIRSTING FOR WAR

and as the scent was pretty keen we had no difficulty in getting on the devil's track and having a pretty heavy engagement with the Enemy of souls! Crowds of people followed the march on the sidewalks and our hearts went up to God to help us do anything to win them over for God.

The meeting was thoroughly enthusiastic and the people gave liberally towards the work among the Indians. The Lord bless them and return them forty-fold. Saturday and Sunday we were at HAMILTON in full war costume and well on the trail. Here, again, large crowds followed the march and a grand open-air was held. The meetings at the barracks were times of power—especially the Sunday morning holiness meeting when the D.O. gave some

STRAIGHT TALK ON SHAMS.

Thank God for reality. This is what the world is wanting—reality. In the evening some powerful testimones were given—powerful and yet so simple. As the result of this meeting five souls were raised from the platform of unhappiness and sin to the grand hallelujah platform of "*happiness, peace and love.*" All glory to God. This victory kind of sharpened our appetites for more and by the time we reached DUNDAS we felt in good trim for fighting for Jesus. Great impressions were created and many a heart was touched with sadness at their own condition. God's power was manifested and his name magnified in the meeting at Dundas. There the people gave liberally towards the Indian work and we left Dundas feeling we loved the people much.

The QUEEN CITY was next on the list and as we came into the Canadian metropolis we felt the Lord was going to sustain us and use us. Richmond street was the fort to be taken. Right well did the Torontonians receive us and our visit to Richmond St. will long remain in our memories. We seemed to have great power in singing and perfect order was maintained. Here again the people dipped deep into their pockets and helped nobly towards removing the debt on our barracks.

Our windup was at the Temple where we had been announced as follows:

—//—

WHAT'S UP NOW!

Some real, genuine, live

INDIANS

Are coming to Toronto and will be at the Temple

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Whatever else you have missed don't fail to see the Indians on

Wednesday, January 23.

Plenty of music and singing by the natives. They are quite tame now. Come along early.

Doors open at 7.30. Admission 10c.

Stage Manager—D.O. Sweetman. Property Manager—W. H. Yeals, Esq. Prompter—Queer Jim. Chief Reporter—D. H. Pope. Finance Manager—D. Fraser, Esq.

As we marched along the main street with a great turn out of soldiers and the band going, lots of people inquired "what's up now?" When we got back to the Temple we found the hall well filled, and a good feeling prevailed throughout. Major Margetts took the stage managership, in the absence of D.O. Sweetman, and a right-down good time we had. Deep impressions were made and God's glory gained. As [illegible] in deep earnestness pleaded the cause of the Indians and told of his own work amongst them and how he himself worked at the Barracks (the remaining debt of which they are now clearing away) the people were visibly moved and the convicting power touched their hearts. Staff Capt. Phillpott spoke with power and more than one heart was pierced with a feeling of its own bitterness. As usual, the people showed their willingness to help on the great S.A. and as we asked for donations they responded real liberally.

As the result of our tour we are strengthened in our own souls to maintain the fight and glorified God for the help and success he had given us. Amen.

RA-KI-WHA-KE-K.

OPENING OF KEMPTVILLE BARRACKS.

It is one year ago since the Army started the above place under rather difficult circumstances. The Town Hall had a week or two previous to our entry into the Town been verbally leased by us, but when the opening forces arrived, we found the Methodists holding forth in it, owing to the

ANTI-SCOTT ACT

people having set fire to their church. So we had to follow our leader. Not to be beat, we made friends with the publicans and leased a large billiard room for one year, and war was at once declared against sin, drink and the devil, and the first day saw seven souls at the penitent form crying for mercy, and so the work has rolled along all through the year, and our comrades have not been able at times to close the meetings until the *small hours of the morning*, so great was the conviction, and numbers at the penitent form. And in the old billiard room

250 SOULS

have rejoiced in the knowledge of their sins forgiven.

A new barracks was talked about, but talk never puts up one, and those people know that, so in a proper, practical way they set to work. The lot was secured and paid for in the centre of the town, soldiers set to work in the bush to get out the lumber. A friend sawed it. *An unconverted man* superintended its construction, another drew out the plans. Tradesmen of the town gave hardware. The ship boarding, sheeting and flooring was supplied from Ottawa, and in a few weeks the building was declared ready for opening. Myself and Adjt. Sharp were on the spot for this occasion. We found the building built in proper S. A. style, beautifully finished inside. Arched ceiling with mouldings painted red, yellow and blue, the seating capacity is 400, which was filled to excess, so much so, one night that it was with great difficulty the march could get in, even at the back door, it was packed right out to the street, and lots turned away who could not get nigh the door. But the best sight of all was to see thirteen souls crying for mercy, a good seal for a new building. Amongst them was Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, at whose house myself and the Adjutant were the guests during our stay. It was grand, I cannot write it on paper. "Roll on Kemptville do not slacken up."

J. BROOKES.

The editor of a leading Japanese newspaper says, "I have seen something of the Salvation Army, and it seems good for the poorer people." It both seems and is good, Mr. Editor, as we hope some of these fine days to demonstrate in your own country, to not only the poorer but the richer as well.

Promoted to Glory

WATCHED TO HEAVEN.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

John Robinson was born August in the year 1847, in the village of mington, Warwickshire, England, the greater part of his life was spent. early part of his life was spent teaming among wild companions where he habituated to drink, after which spent sometime in the coal mines of shire, returning to his home in He was converted in the Methodist ch, and after some time became a soldier, but when the Army opened fire the Town of Leamington he again salvation and became a soldier. ming home he soon began to hold air services and sell the WAR CRYS before the Army reached that place, gh with great persecution. He came Canada in March, 1888, to his brother the village of Watford, where he commenced to hold open-air meetings, when threatened with the "lock up" for disturbing the peace, but that did not John's confidence in God. He to ask the Army to come to Watford, when they arrived he was one of the to assist in the war. He made three to the Old Country, carrying the of the work here to his old friends, continually warning the people to prepare to meet their God, and although he not much of this world's goods he a praying mother, and said he had learned to read his title clear to mansions the sky. He was often heard to say, "Sudden death would be sudden glory," which has proved to be his lot. On Jan 7th, while chopping in the woods he killed by the fall of a tree. On the Thursday following a real Salvation Army funeral was conducted. Although it was very stormy day and the cemetery some distance out of town, a large procession of sympathizing soldiers and friends marched, soldiers all wearing the white band their arms, carrying muffled drum and colors, singing, "There's sweet rest heaven," after which we entered the church where we held a Salvation meeting, and truly God did manifest Himself a wonderful manner, and with tears streaming down almost every face, a large number raised their hands to promise God they would meet Brother John in heaven. Sunday night a memorial service was held in the barracks. The crowd was so great we were not able to accommodate who came. The meeting was opened singing "Jesus, lover of my soul," which some real earnest prayer, followed by some real burning testimonies, then a solo prepared for the occasion. The Captain spoke a few words of earnest pleading with all present to make their peace with God, and not only did we but the spirit of God came upon meeting and many hearts were made feel as they had never done before. While the invitation was still extended ten precious souls came out and sought salvation; all testified that Jesus had saved them. Among the number was a brother several friends of our departed comrade, who, although dead yet he speaketh. a few minutes after twelve the meeting closed and we all went home with the glory of God filling our souls and feeling more determined than ever to be true to God to whom all praise is due, oh, hallelujah. We feel sure we have not yet seen all fruits of that meeting and that while rejoice many precious souls went home feeling that our Saviour was their Saviour too. Oh, glory, glory be to God.

CAPT. SCARR.

From Dartmouth to Glory

A form well known to the people of this ce has been laid under the clods of the ley and a warning voice hushed when sister, Corona Walker, obeyed the call to "come up higher," and was promoted from a seat in the Army barracks to a seat in the New Jerusalem. During her short illness she manifested a spirit of patience and to all enquiries about her salvation she gave a clear testimony of Jesus' power to keep. During the last two days of her illness she was unconscious, and on Friday, 11th Jan., she fell asleep in Jesus. On Tuesday we gave her a real Army burial, reinforced by our Halifax comrades. After a meeting at the house fifty-five of us marched to the grave, followed by a large crowd of mourners and friends. A beautiful meeting was held at the grave, and good was done for eternity. The realities of death and the judgement was pressed home to the sinner and the necessity of being ready when the Messenger does come. After consecrating ourselves afresh to God we marched to our barracks singing, "Then we'll lift up the banner on high." On Sunday night we had a memorial meeting, and although we saw no visible results we believe good was done, and through it some will meet our sister on the banks of the beautiful river.

CAPT. L. R. WILSON.

TALKING TO JESUS.

W. H.

I've just been talking to Jesus,
I felt so weary and sad,
So I went and told Him my sorrow,
And He has made me glad.
I told Him my story simply,
As a little child might do,
He gave me such loving comfort,
And soothed away my woe.

I've just been talking to Jesus,
My heart was so full of pain,
I wondered if ever the sunshine
Would gild my pathway again.
As He spoke the dark cloud lifted.
("Twas lined with a silvery sheen)
And the beautiful golden sunlight
Shone out where the cloud had been.

I've just been talking to Jesus,
A wilful, wandering child;
I had strayed away from the Christ-fold,
With the touch of sin been defiled.
He did not chide me harshly
As I wept out my sorrow and shame,
But spoke to me words of pity,
Not one did He speak of blame.

I've just been talking to Jesus,
He has drawn me near to Him;
He is teaching me not to falter
When the days are dark and dim.
So I'll talk by faith to Jesus,
Learning each day of His love,
Until at the end of my journey
I talk face to face above.

FRIENDSHIP.

AL.

"Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth." Gal. iv, 16.

I suppose in this world there are no words which are any more directly opposite in their meaning than "Friendship," and hatred, and yet how often we will find them trying to be carried under each others colors to accomplish some end, by the people in whose possession they are. Friendship in its true meaning belongs to God, while hatred belongs solely to the devil, therefore the two spirits will not mix.

Friendship means straight forward actions, and talk not one thing to a person's face, and another behind his back. Take a business man who has a quantity of goods to sell, and he sees a market opening up for the amount he has on hand, and he imparts this information to his confidential friend whom he feels he can trust. The second party having a relative who is in the same business, lets the hint drop to him, who at once enters into the idea and proceeds to affect the sale and supply the demand, leaving the first one to seek consolation from his supposed friend. Were we to call this an act of friendship, we would make a grave mistake and bring disgrace upon the beautiful word which indicates so much good.

Again, suppose we were well acquainted with a very dangerous locality, one abounding with invisible precipices, and dangers of all kinds, where certain death awaits all who travel that way without a guide, and we should meet a person going forward by a way which certainly meant death, and we should stop him and just say, my friend, "the way you are in is apt to be dangerous," so take care, and leave him there with those words, do you think we would be justified, or could we say we had befriended that person. No! we would try by all means to stop him from going farther, even if we did raise his ire, knowing that going ahead was certain death. We would tell the truth, if we had a spark of humanity in us, and not consider or be considered their enemy, because we were trying to save life. How many people are there in the world to-day, yea, in the Salvation Army, who at one time were so full of the Holy Spirit and zeal that God could count them—as He did Abraham—His friends, and depend upon them to do His biding at all costs. But in an evil moment they let the God given golden opportunities slip by unimproved one after another until finally they find they have nothing but "the form of godliness left."

And despite their, wretched condemned feelings and condition they try to keep a smiling face. And when questioned straight about the matter, they say, Oh I am alright, and almost tell you you are hindering them from going forward, because in their hearts they are backsliders, and you press it upon them that it need be that they must repent and do their first works over again before they can please God or befriend Him in any way.

God spoke unto the Church of Ephesus saying, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do thy first works." Rev. ii. 3-4.

God wants more friends who will deal truthfully and faithfully with men and women, regardless of consequences, and tell them as plain and as loving as Jesus did when He said "unless ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.

But people can not do this unless they are whole hearted in God's service, for "only from pure hearts can pure service flow." Let us consider then if we have consecrated to God, (since we have been quickened by His spirit), all we have and all we ever expect to have, all we know and all we do not know. If not why not just now consecrate entirely "once for all" for ever and ever, soul and body to be fully the Lords, to do His biding! then you will be able to render to Him a service of

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Extinguish Backsliding in its First Stages.

Brother —— was not quite right in his soul. The fact was patent and undeniable. After the Sunday afternoon meeting, two brothers went aside to pray for him. Brother ——, at the tea-table, felt the Spirit striving with him to such an extent that he was compelled to leave the table, get on his knees, and settle the matter with Jesus. Half-past five found him at his post. When you pray do you expect your prayers to benefit anybody?

The Publican's Horse Kept Good in the Meeting.

The villagers were very anxious for a "big go." The Captain of the corps, of which the village in question is an outpost, was of the same mind. A friendly publican placed his skittle alley at our service, clearing out all things deposited there with the exception of a horse. The corps came over in a body and held a hosanna meeting, the youngest convert, by various ways and means, keeping the horse good.

EASTERN CHOW-CHOW

— PREPARED BY —

MAJOR DEAKIN.

Well done, St John. We were much delighted with the crowds and results at our special three days with you. Sorry your Captain is so run down. However you must all stick well to the fight and push ahead, victory is before you.

* * *

Candidates! Candidates! Wanted men and women who are full of faith and fire to offer themselves at once. Must be such that are willing to forsake all and tread, if needs be, the path of suffering for the sake of poor dying souls. Ought you to be one? If so apply at once.

* * *

Very good, Digby. Considering the wet night and other counter attractions we were very pleased to see such an intelligent audience. Evidently, by their presence, much interested in salvation warfare. Since visiting you we were very pleased to hear of the four souls who have sought the cleansing Blood, especially of the one remarkable case.

* * *

Hark! Hark! said I to Staff Capt. Beatty as we listened to the echo of the steamer's whistle after entering Digby Junction. One was forcibly struck with the fact that there is an echo, if we may so term it, from all our daily sayings and actions. They are noted down in the "Book of Life." Comrades, let us remember that there is a day coming when we have to answer for all we have done here.

* * *

Soldiers! attention. I was at a corps the other day where, out of twenty soldiers and converts, seventeen were in full uniform. How does your corps compare with this. Have you donned it?

* * *

The work still rolls along at Annapolis. New converts coming out well. Hallelujah. This is the way to keep things going. Look after the converts.

* * *

My word, didn't that Newfoundland girl cry for mercy. The Annapolis people were a little taken aback as she took off her scarf and jacket, evidently desperately in earnest to get saved. Lord make us desperately in earnest after sinners.

* * *

"Captain! I have brought you a can of milk," said a little girl. Can I get in to-night, as I have no money. A new mode of admittance, certainly; but this girl was evidently bent upon getting in that night to see the new comers.

* * *

Hallelujah, Bear River. We enjoyed ourselves immensely. That is the way to turn out in the marches. And how happy we were to find so many so ready to witness for the Lord both inside and out. Very good. Keep at it.

* * *

Two souls, man and wife, were the results of the Bear River meeting. Husband twenty years a backslider, but the Lord saved them both.

* * *

Little Prim, who is not yet five, prides himself of having saved his father from smoking. Often he told his father it was wrong to smoke, and one day when the father was out, Prim got his pipe and smashed it, and he has not smoked since. A little child shall lead them.

* * *

Bravo, Yarmouth. All alive is the order of the day with this corps. No waiting for testimonies, but soldiers ever ready to fire away. Pleased we were with our visit, and especially to see a poor girl cry for mercy. Hallelujah. Thirsting to be back again.

* * *

"What a condition to be in," was the thought which struck me as we entered through the iron gates of the Yarmouth gaol, to find a poor soul bound and fettered in sin. He knew the way well but was loth to walk in it. We trust our visit and prayers with him will have some effect upon his poor soul. Are you in the prison of sin, if so get released at once. You have a chance now, otherwise you will spend eternity in the prison house of eternal darkness.

* * *

Glad to see you, my brothers. Landed in St. John on Monday night and testified in Yarmouth the next. Keep at it.

* * *

"Yes," she said, "when I got saved I felt I would like to be in some woods where I could give a good shout," but no woods being near and her soul so full of joy, she had to give vent to her feelings on the spot, so she shouted out, and she has been shouting glory every since. That is it, sister, shout it out and never be afraid. And may others follow your example.

* * *

Gone to glory. This was a young man who had been sick with the typhoid fever at Annapolis. He had been visited by our officers and had got saved, and had a proper Army funeral. "Be ye also ready."

* * *

"Glad to see you," said a young lady to one of the Staff, "the last time you were here I went home naggie and cross at what you said, still I could not get clear of your words, but had to yield and get converted, and have now walked five miles to tell you of it. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt see it after many days."

Small Shot

Six souls on a Sunday at Dublin, Ireland.

Major Musa Bhai arrived in India in January.

A Training Garrison is to be started in Michigan.

Fourteen souls for one week at St. Paul Minn.

There are ninety corps in London.

At an Army meeting in North Carolina, 100 ministers were present.

Five souls in one week at Khambolej, Gujarat.

A man was fined $100 for disturbing an Army meeting in Seattle.

Colorado has six S. A. corps.

There are twenty cadets in New York City Central Training Garrison.

A Training Garrison is to be started in Michigan.

The S. A. has been dramatised in a play called "The Old Homestead."

Organised mobs try to break up Army meetings in Hudson N. Y.

A man walked five miles to Hewadiwilla, Ceylon, to get saved.

A Junior Soldier's work is being inaugurated in India.

Jaffna, India, opened and thirteen souls saved in four days.

Nothing is so hard to a true Salvationist as *doing nothing.*

A Minneapolis bar keeper sold fourteen *War Crys* for the lasses while they were skning.

The Army in Great Britain during twelve months erected seventy new buildings, with a seating capacity for 100,000 people.

One of the richest men in the South of Ceylon was saved lately through the S. A. at Matara.

Twenty soldiers of the King's army professed conversion in the S. A. at Utrecht, Holland.

Major Stonehill visited Londonderry, Ireland, with a brass band, held great meetings, and had fifteen out for pardon in one day.

"Doing the will of God is not a crawling business," said Staff-capain Morrell of London. He's right.

Major Hodder, of Holland, and Staff-Captain Schaaf of Germany have been paying a flying visit to London.

Col. Booth-Clibborn and the Marechal recently visited Captain Stirling at the Castle of Chillon, Switzerland.

Fifty Salvation Army Soldiers, natives of the place, march through the City of Trichinopoly. They get it hot, but they stick to their guns.

Major Pearson of England writes, that in seven weeks 408 persons came out for salvation, holiness, power and healing of diseases in his meetings.

The light shall break in Germany yet, The latest from Kiel reports six souls at the penitent form—four women and two men - after a most blessed meeting. God keep them faithful.

The Southampton *Times* of England, has been interviewing the District Officer, and devotes almost a column to a report of what passed. They express themselves as satisfied with the excellent system of book-keeping adopted by the Army.

In Great Britain, during the twelve months ending September 31st, over two thousand five hundred persons applied as candidates for the work. Of these, over one thousand were passed into training. Shout "Hallelujah" and vex the devil.

In the City of Sydney, New South Wales, we have a regular Chinese corps carrying on its meetings. During one month they contributed twards the support of their officers, out of their own pockets, twenty pounds ($100).

At Lurgan, Ireland, a storm lifted the barracks roof, off, and at 9 a.m. the next day not a vestige remained, as something else besides wind did some carrying.

"So your son has changed his religion." "No, but religion has changed my son." Whereas he once was selfish, worldly, choleric, a bad workman, with demoralizing companions, he is now completely changed and is a good workman, better son and better citizen.

"No; I'll not start to-night. I won't disgrace the work by going back like some of them. When I do start and get saved, I mean to go through." "If your resolution to 'go through' does not surpass your resolution to start there's not enough of it in you to make a success. You simply give yourself credit for being better than you really are."

A resident of Devon, England, informs us that the other Sunday evening the minister, preaching from the text, "Ashamed of Christ," gave his audience a practical lesson from our local corps of open-air warriors. He said, "Thank God, there are a few in H—— who are not ashamed to come out in the market-place and publicly confess Christ."

A cadet offered a "War Cry" to a man as he was walking along the street, and kept up a running fire as they went on. Said the latter, "You either have a lot of 'gall' or are in earnest." "I am in earnest," replied the cadet. "Well, I'll take one to get rid of you."

Some heart-rending letters on the subject of Spanish America. There seventeen nationalities inhabit a country greater than Europe with India thrown in, all speaking the Spanish tongue, who know practically nothing of God and His salvation.

The steamship on which Capt. Gronlof came up from San Diego to San Francisco put into Port Hartford. Two meetings were held on board. A backslider who had been saved in the S. A. at Los Angelos was met on the wharf, and going up on a mountain, to pray, the two knelt down and the Lord saved the lost sheep.

Bro. Ridley, of Adelaide, Australia, has been so vile that he drove his own friends away from the colony. He came to the town with $6,500 in his pockets; set up business in Rundle-street, but in eighteen months it was all gone—business, home, and everything else ruined; but while under the influence of drink he was drawn into the Army barracks, and is now a sober converted man, and band-sergeant of this corps.

Says the Nevada City (Cal.) *Transcript*: "It was announced in the *Transcript* a fortnight ago that the Salvation Army in this city did not have a big brass drum, nor the necessary money to buy one with, but that the soldiers felt sure one would be given them in good time. The desired drum came sooner than they expected it would. A prominent citizen reading of their need, gave them ten dollars, and on Monday they sent for the instrument."

The Victorian annual rescue meeting in the Colling-street Church, Melbourne, Australia, was a grand success. The Hon. James Campbell, late postmaster-general, presided, and spoke splendidly on S. A. work among the fallen, as did the Hon. J. Balfour, Dr. Bevan (pastor), Rev. J. W. Crisp, and others. The beautiful church was crowded in every part.

He Collapsed.

A young man, holding a respectable situation under the Government, residing at Sandhurst, writes to his father as follows:—

"Last Sunday I attended the United Methodist Church, and was much edified by the fervent and zealous manner in which the Rev. Mr. T—— conducted the service. In the course of his remarks he gave the following scene:—Present; Col. Barker and the Rev. Mr. T.——, 'Good morning, Colonel.' 'Good morning, friend T.——.' Col. Barker: 'What do you think about our Congress?' Rev. Mr. T.——: 'Splendid,' Col. Barker: 'Some fellowers of Dr. Bevan were very much surprised at his lending his church to the Army. One member met Dr. Bevan, and said, "I am sorry to hear that you lent your church to the Army." Dr. Bevan; "I have no church," Member: "Well, the church belonging to the congregation." Dr. Bevan: "But, my freind, they have no church." Member: Why what does it all mean?" "It means this," said Dr. Bevan, "that I lent God's church to God's people to worship in, and the church belonged to God." Total collapse of the member." W. H. F.

From Melbourne "War Cry."

Milk and Watter Kristuns.

In agen assoomin mi naw Iglassers, fur wich aw've latterly kontrakted a predelikshun, for takkin in sorroundins at a glans, for th akoomulashun ov belthy matter, for absorbin th' grats and th' grand, th' high and th' mitey, aw beg leav 2 inthroduse mi topik 2 once, bi sayin that lyke a gud mony moor foke aw've getten a gud deal to larn on this subjek.

Wether mi observashun R 2 B atribooted 2 mi warin Iglassers or 2 th' planeness ov glarin unmistakable faks wich koundt be hid to kleer dayleet, is a manerfestashun ov surkumstanses wich R moor for th' ewtside warld to juge than misel 2 hint hat.

And wether aw durnt sho' mi leet plane enoof, or wether Jak, Tom, Bill and Arry R 2 blind to O th' appropriatifness ov mi onest-getten rimarks, aw shall have 2 leav to th' futer disinterested jenerashun to estermate.

And wether thers a likle milk and watter abowt adoptin Iglassers in preferanse to mi gud owd spektakls awat not kiss a buke ont, but as fur as mi Iglassers R konsarnd aw durnt think as theyd B mich use to mi if aw haddent getten a pare ov I's 2 luke throo um any moor than mi plane owd speks wood B.

Wot surjestid this subjek 2 me is th' praktis of sum foke 2 drink milk and watter insted ov tay, (this is one o' th' pointe aw have yet 2 larn), wich as oppost to tay drinkin Kristuns ma B kauld milk and watter Kristuns.

Milk and watter Kristuns akordin to th' jeneral akseptence o' th' terms are a kompound mixter ov shroopel and wim, but awm prepart 2 derfend thoos as drink milk and watter fro skroopel owla. Awm not gooin 2 find fault wi thoos sooart (durnt mistak mi)) for its a helthy privilige ween gattan in t'Army, wich we koundt pryze too mich, is that wotever a mons odest konvikshuns are ov gudness, has sum liberty 2 praktis um in t'Army—onny way E may B as gud as he lykes 2 B withewt beein bamboozelt for it, wich isnt garanteed evryweer—espeaherly in sum mooral and spiritool establershments nowadais. So thees foke may drink and praktis ther milk and watter gudness, (piesty if you lyke 2 kaul this kustum), umertested. So! So!! So!!! Sum ov thees foke as drink it fro wim kon tak a, wim evry blue moon if they liken—milk and watter one day and kand Swiss bomanteg kullerd wyte, derluted into th' essence of sno' balls next day, wot odds is ther—oula wile drinkin milk and watter ma B aw reet. Fur goodness sake, and thoose as havnt takken a wim 2 leav off th' nateral kustum ov drinkin tay, for Nancy's sake and moine, if yo plazen durnt get bala th' milk and watter loine anny hew.

Or wot odds 2 me if a mon has a konshienshus skroopal how he'll ate his chikens—hatched or in th' egg—and wether he kauls fust Bucherinarcanizm and th' latter Vigitinarianism, oula wile awd give him kredit and respek for th' originalite ov his skroopel—if its not but a wim—awd kaul im for th' mannerfestashun ov it in th' fust form a milk and watter Kristun ekwall as aw wood th' latter—on the grewnd as th' latter is as bad jugement as th' fost is bad tayste—they ma be booath reet enuff—(if th' choise isnt fro wim)—that is if th' eggs B not rotten and th' chikens havnt ad 2 mich farmyerd.

Milk and watter Kristeranity kompart wi iteal is mainly as 1 part ov milk as 'tother is ov watter. Fust and 4most kums milk wich weel kaul [illegible] and latterly kums watter [illegible] hippokrasy. Those sooart ov [illegible] watter Khristuns jenerali liv [illegible] ness, same as th' owd Fariseez [illegible] big and I—that yo hav 2 B [illegible] be tawl enuff to reich ther [illegible] mak him hear and understand [illegible] teranity jenerly stonds in [illegible] moor watter nor milk, and [illegible] publikin as livs on his [illegible] milk nor watter. It kums [illegible] wen its lyke th' owd Farisees [illegible] stonds, I say ninety-nine [illegible] oft—th' milk kwaliti is purely [illegible] kalkerlashun in simpl subekrashun.

Milk and watter Kristuns [illegible] ther Kristeranity awl kramd [illegible] winder, bekaus they had nowt [illegible] th' bak—for instans—a big [illegible] yo'd think that ther wur a [illegible] tun ov shugger, but its onla [illegible] ov shugger kuverd oer an owd [illegible] side ther B foine kanisters and [illegible] numberd reet en uff, but if yo [illegible] thin that owt 2 B in um, yo'll [illegible] wayte a few minits till th' [illegible] th' kewnter goos a hawffe a [illegible] dewn th' street 2 buy B4 be [illegible]

Aw'd rayther have 1 ov [illegible] stoores as aw've seen in Laskyshire [illegible] land betoimes, wi a leetle winder [illegible] panes of glass—in 1 pane yo'll find [illegible] ov tape, a hank o' wusted in [illegible] shoo layses and a skane [illegible] another a box ov mathis and a [illegible] farthin dips—but if yo want 2 O [illegible] zine as supplies the neybrud [illegible] then yo'll see saks ov flewer, [illegible] shugger, bags ov prayters, [illegible] tay, rounds of chees, fliches ov [illegible] tanks ov thraykul, (wich they [illegible] lassos in this kuntry), but giv mi th' fashund name—" Black Thraykel" [illegible] Ha!! Hay!!! that's the sooart for [illegible] rige, that's the sooart ova store—[illegible] SOMMAT IN IT.

N.B.—Th' nateral conclusion is [illegible] that a milk and watter Kristen [illegible] has a big frunt wioder, the moost [illegible] fhing abewt it is th' ewtside, and [illegible] garest loss is a brokken winder [illegible] borglurs kum rewnd.

Milk and watter Kristuns R [illegible] stawnch—this is one of the biggest [illegible] jakeherns 2 um—aw sud think [illegible] rekkon evrithin up by th' method [illegible] konutent variashums, loike th' [illegible] thumomiter, they goo up and down [illegible] wether.

They B differkult ov valkerlashun, [illegible] run fro sartinty to zero offner [illegible] sartinty. Lik a thumometer they [illegible] th' ewtside warld bi their own [illegible] Okashunali they save or onsave other [illegible] 2 shoot ther own perposes (if they [illegible] aktin on th' prins pl ov wot they [illegible] arth is boond in hevn—they B [illegible] enuff to do th' job but not [illegible] enuff, but yo ma jenerali retane [illegible] ance ov yer Salvation in speit [illegible] teeth on th' grewnd as possesshun [illegible] peints o th' law, and konshenses [illegible] strangest argiment.

Milk and watter Kristeranity as [illegible] 2 mustkillher Kristeranity is in th' [illegible] oriti, that is its a a naw affare [illegible] mustkillher Kristeranity, bkaus [illegible] her Kristeranity is a big affare—[illegible] brakker, and as owd Bob Detley [illegible] they R diamekrikally opposet a [illegible] thradikshum in terms.

Mustkillher Kristeranity wen fully [illegible] velerped is jenerali fewnd in [illegible] stonds wen fully develerped in th' [illegible] sex as ood does 2 EVEN, and if yo [illegible] kontend with 1 ov thees spesermens [illegible] 2 fyte agenst the odds 2 all intents [illegible] perpuses.

Aw onse had 2 enkewnter one ov [illegible] amizens mysel, but her not been [illegible] kum dewn to my fyteing wayte, [illegible] it polersy on my pert to sing [illegible] had evry prospik ov kuming [illegible] wich weer not a varry brest [illegible] fur mysel wa[illegible].

Milk and watter Kristeranity as [illegible] wi mustkillher Kristeranity is [illegible] ov description, and its awfu [illegible] wich is th' wurser kind—in [illegible] both in the exkreems, and to [illegible] proper skalebrium biwixt the 2 [illegible] for syens yet 2 determin, [illegible] sartin,

PROFESSOR SALVASHUN BANGS [illegible]

Division Report

Toronto Division.

Will they be candidates?

MOUNT ALBERT. — Since our last report God has been making bare His almighty saving arm, we can say in reviewing the last two weeks, "Victory through the precious blood." Glory Hallelujah. *Two dear lassies* have sought and found the Saviour, and one backslider got tired of the husks and came home from the foreign land to his father's house, and got a welcome. Bless God. We are in for victory at all costs. CAPT. M. WESSELS.

She is dead, her son is saved.

BOWMANVILLE.—Still onward is our cry, "And God is helping us to march on." Staff-Capt. Philpott was with us last Sunday, and God spoke through him to many hearts. On Thursday we buried a dear sister, she was not a soldier, but as we had visited her when she was sick, she wanted to have an Army funeral. Her son came to Jesus last night. CAPT. E. WILLIAMS.

They are in pickle.

OWEN SOUND. —We are very glad to report another week of victory on the Lord's side. We are marching on to victory. God's power has been felt in every meeting, sinners crying for mercy, backsliders in a pickle, soldiers well blessed and baptised. We mean to go forward in the strength of God. CAPT. D. GAGE.

Jesus lifted draws the crowd.

COURTICE.—Spent much of the past week in going to jubilees. God has been filling our souls to overflow with His precious love. We have been drawn more close to God. Friday evening we had a visit from D. O. Philpott and other officers from Hampton, Tyrone, Bowmanville, Oshawa and Whitby, and also a host of [illegible]ers. The question was asked "Where do the people come from?" but, "Jesus lifted draws the crowd." Although we could not see any visible results, yet we felt while the gospel truths were given out God was backing them home to the sinners hearts. CAPT. CORNELL.

T. H. Division.

Three Men and a Boy.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. — As we look back over the past week we can report victory with four precious souls in the fountain, three men and one little lad. To our God be all the glory. One of the men had been a soldier for three years in St. Thomas, but when the rules came out and soldiers were publicly enrolled the devil came along and told him he wouldn't be tied down in that way. He listened to him, left his post, and soon found himself enslaved by the devil again. Freed once more he means to obey God now and follow as He leads. Devil defeated again, Hallelujah! CAPT. H. YEREX.

Eleven Souls Saved.

CENTRE STREET.—Victory, victory, victory, through the precious Blood! The majority of the people in this place prefer the path of ease and worldliness, sin being more agreeable to the flesh, but bless the dear Lord we will stick to the narrow way that is only wide enough for our two feet. Jesus said, "Few there be that find it." The pure Gospel and the realities of heaven and hell, a never-ending eternity, are being put before them with no uncertain sound. The wickedness and sin of this place certainly reveals the need of real Christ men and women that God can lay His hand on and honor their faith in the salvation of His people,

CAPT. E. BROKENSHIRE,

The Sifting Time.

LISGAR STREET (Toronto III).—At this corps God is trying our faith. The devil is hard at work and very few souls are being saved, but there is a work being done, hallelujah, and our reaping time is not far distant. The work of refining is going on. On Sunday morning two sought for the blessing and at night one backslider came to the Saviour. With right living and hard fighting we shall win the unsaved for our King.

CAPT. JESSIE BUTLER.

St. John District.

6x7—13

ST. JOHN, NO. II.—During the past week like Noah of old we have faithfully warned the people to turn from their sins and escape the wrath of God, and we are pleased to tell you that six turned out from the paths of sin and folly and found Jesus to be a mighty Saviour. Hallelujah, also seven sought the blessing of a clean heart and we believe they found it. We mean to fight in the strength of Jehovah and victory shall be ours,

LIEUT. BOYER.

Excelsior!

FREDERICTON.—Since our last report we have been steadily marching on gaining ground on the enemy taking some of his follows and making them into blood and fire soldiers of the King of Kings.

All through the past week we kept up a continual fire on the enemy yet nothing gave way until yesterday, (Sunday), five left the ranks of death and sin came and asked for pardon and got it, and now they are marching with the blood washed warriors of King Jesus.

CAPT. JIM JEWER

Sow Good Seed.

ST. ANDREWS.—God is steadily gaining the victory here. We can notice a deeper word is being done in the hearts of the people. He has truly been putting our faith to the test, but encouraged us so much on Sunday night by saving one soul. Bless Him! The devil often has tried to discourage us, while hearing of numbers that have been saved elsewhere, but we pay no attention to him and live at Jesus feet knowing that his saving power is just the same here.

CAPT. ALLAN.

That Awful Doom.

ST. JOHN.—We are glad to report another week of victory with the St. John No. 1 warriors. Our meetings have been well attended and the power of God was manifested and many were made to feel if never before, the awful doom that awaits not only the wicked [illegible] those who are desperate characters but those who forget God.

STAFF CAPT. TOTTEN.

Moncton and P. E. I. Division.

SUMMERSIDE.—Since our last report we have been making a special effort to pay off some debts. Everybody seemed delighted with the idea and went into help all they could. It was proposed to have an oyster supper, followed by a jubilee, led by Capts. Eraser and McLean. Of course it was good, everybody liked oysters, and in spite of the "very wet rain" which fell, a number of our friends came and stayed "to join in the grand jubilee." I must not forget to tell you of a Baptist brother who proved himself a friend indeed. He does not attend the meetings, but we are believing he will, but always buys the CRY and took a great interest in helping the lassies to get out of debt.

Sixty Solid Testimonies.

CHARLOTTETOWN. — The devil's kingdom is coming down here, and souls are being set free from his snares of sin and vice. Our soldiers' meeting was the best we have been in for some time, everybody got free. Soldiers are coming out bright in their experience, some very definite testimonies on holiness can be heard in every meeting. Sunday good meetings all day, and in the afternoon there were sixty testified to the saving power of God. And at night we went in for a real salvation meeting, conviction seemed to be stamped on every face; when two precious souls volunteered out to serve God, and glory to His name He soon set them free. CAPT. W. H. FRASER.

Dad Trusts God.

GEORGETOWN.—

I will not be discouraged,
For Jesus is my friend,
He will lead me safe to glory,
And keep me to the end.

We intend to live that God's name, which has been defiled among the heathen, may be glorified. Our souls are on fire with zeal, for God and souls, and we are dealing out the truth to the people in the open-air and the barracks. "Dad" is able to trust the Lord from the *North to the South*, even while keeping the door through which the wind blows. Lord save Georgetown is our daily prayers.

CAPT. G. MCLEAN.

Six Sinners seek Salvation.

AMHERST.—The work is still advancing here, converts are getting stronger and learning how to fight. Christians are rejoicing, sinners are trembling under the truths of the gospel, and altogether we are going right in for victory, six more prisoners have been captured during the past week. To God be all the glory. Amen.

CAPT. I. M. SMITH.

Halifax District.

Yet Another Soul.

PUGWASH.—Another week has rolled away and gone forever, and the sins of one dear sister has rolled away to be remembered against her never more. We do praise God for saving our sister and we mean to do all we can for Him He has done so much for us.

CAPT. L. WHITE.

Returned from Furlogh.

DIGBY.—After being laid aside from the fight for some time through sickness we are to the front of the battle again, Hallelujah! We received orders to come here to Digby to supply, and since coming here have had some real blessed times, glory to God! Our meetings all day Sunday were times of special blessing and power to our souls. Large crowds, deep conviction. God is working in the hearts of the people, and our faith runs high for a real work being done for eternity. We mean to go on, victory is certain.

CAPT. M. WILCOX.

A Report Worth Something.

NORTH SIDNEY.—We thank God for victory this last two weeks, and while we have been blessed and strengthened in our own souls one sinner and two backsliders have been blessed with salvation. To God we give the glory.

CAPT. N. WEBB.

Be Willing to Plough the Field.

WINDSOR.—We are still alive and firing away with all our might but have seen very little visible result, but we know God is working. Night after night sinners come to meetings and get convicted and go away rejecting the Saviour, but if they are not getting saved there is a blessed work going on amongst the soldiers. They are coming out and taking a bolder stand for the truth. We have great faith for a good harvest of souls. Hard work and faith will bring the victory, it never fails.

LIEUT. ABRAM.

The Lively Woman.

STELLARTON.—The 146th Canadian is joyfully marching along in spite of opposing forces. On Wednesday we had with us Capt. Larder, of Newfoundland fame, who led the meeting in the lively style peculiar to that "Isle of the Sea." It made the people stare a little bit to see her dance and (tell it not in Gath) there are dancers this side of Newfoundland. Meetings throughout the rest of the week were good. Yesterday at knee-drill, besides the regular breakfast we always get, Father gave us something special in the shape of one soul, Hallelujah! It pays to get up early for knee-drill. A lot of conviction in the rest of the day's meetings but no further conversions. The devil is kicking, which is a good sign. Victory shall be ours. CAPT. PREST.

Yarmouth District.

Good Promises Broken.

FREEPORT.—It is some time since you heard from us, but Hallelujah we are still marching on. Though we cannot report many souls, yet the spirit has been doing a work, the soldiers are growing in grace, and sinners have wept on account of their sins. Yesterday, Sunday, meetings good all day, at night one brother came and gave himself to Jesus, in testifying after he said, he had made a "great many promises to God, but failed to keep them," but he felt saved, and intended by God's help to keep the promises he had just made, many more were convicted but would not yield, CAPT. DURTEN.

The Little Major.

BEAR RIVER.—Our experiance this morning is "Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me," Bless His holy name. This past week has been one of blessing to many a soul. We had our new Major and Staff-Capt. Beatty with us on Friday night, and as the Major spoke in the Holy Ghost upon the Cross, two precious comrades came to the Cross of Calvary and started to serve their God. May God keep them true. Amen.

CAPT. CALKEN.

Osborne to the Front.

ANNAPOLIS.—Since our last report we can cry victory all the way through, victory over flesh, sin and the devil, victory in our own souls through the precious blood of Christ. Being all well saved and walking in the light. We have fellowship one with the other, and the blood of Christ cleanses us from all sin.

CAPT. OSBORNE.

A Short Clip from Clipperton

YARMOUTH.—Blessed victory for our King. Going up and forward to victory. We are doing real damage to the devil here—two prisoners taken—three deserters brought back and were seeking for cleansing by full surrender. Hallelujah.

CAPT. CLIPPERTON.

A General Shake Up.

WATERVILLE. — Arrived here and found some really good soldiers who are willing to do anything for God. Since then we have had the victory. Our own personal experience has been growing. And thank God the spiritual tone of the corps is looking up, and we are believing that soon many of the backsliders and sinners will come to God.

LIEUT. G. GARDNER.

Feelings of deep Emotion.

KENTVILLE.—Having received orders to proceed to Kentville, to take charge, it was with feelings of deep emotion that I stepped off the train on Friday evening, but when I came I committed my way unto the Lord, so after a little rest we marched out *five strong* to storm the forts of darkness in the open-air, they have been doing open-air work here for nearly a year, no barracks. We had a good crowd and very good attention. On Sunday we had our meetings in the Scotia Hall. We believe that soon we shall see them coming. May God grant it, we mean victory or death in Kentville.

CADET. A. G. COLBORNE.

Eastern Division.

Newfoundland District.

Another Opening.

ST. JOHN'S II.—We are glad to be again able to shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." We opened the second station in St. John's on Christmas day, and since then God has owned and blessed our labors. Praise God. Sixteen precious souls have sought and, we believe, found the Saviour, because He says those who seek shall find. We are praying and believing for more to come to our Saviour and find in Him a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

CAPT. COLLINS.

A Knee-drill Catch.

GREENSPOND.—The devil would like to get the S. A. under his feet if he could, but by the grace of God we are enabled to conquer. Our Leader never knew defeat, and it is in His strength that we fight. One dear lad who had wandered for a short time came to Knee-drill Sunday morning and got the burden of sin rolled away. Hallelujah! We are still believing.

CAPT. ANNA E. FRY.

Liberation Through Jesus.

CATALINA.—We can praise God for the manner in which He is manifesting His marvellous power here. Yesterday we realized His presence. A great number were deeply concerned about the welfare of their precious souls, yet they would not yield but we are believing very soon to see many, who are now on the downward road to destruction, retracing their footsteps and coming to the world's Redeemer, where they shall get liberated from sin and be enabled to rejoice in Jesus as their reconciled Saviour. Lord hasten the time. Amen. CAPT. NELLIE BABCOCK.

A Consecration Meeting.

BAY ROBERTS.—Hallelujah for the King who has won another week of victory. Since our consecration meeting on New Year's Eve night, it has been victory all along the line. At our watch-night's service we all gave ourselves to God afresh and this is the result. Wednesday night, hall packed and one soul. Friday night, Holiness meeting, wonderful time and one soul. Saturday night the devil kicked a bit but did no damage. Sunday, an addition of thirteen to Knee-drill, (34 present). Holiness meeting at 11 o'clock, over two hundred present, and one soul out for the blessing of a clean heart, and she wasn't long before she got it. Hallelujah.

CAPT. MANUEL.

Another New Move.

LITTLE BAY.—Well, hallelujah. The council is over and we have reached Little Bay before it was blocked up, and was glad to find some soldiers who would dare or die for Jesus, and after a little rest and some refreshment off we go to the meeting feeling assured that this is just the place God wants us. We had a grand time, and at the close we were able to rejoice in seeing four souls testify of His saving power toward them. CAPT. BALDWIN.

Ira. Glory Tom.

BRIGUS.—Hallelujah, the devil left again. All this week we have been going in for more of God. Tuesday being New Year's day, one soul started for the Kingdom. Glory be to God, we believe there is more to follow. We had a visit from Mrs. Major Calhoun, crowded hall, one soul came to Christ. That's just four souls since we have been here. Praise God forever. CAPT. L. HOWES.

Glory Tom to the Front.

ST. JOHN'S I.—The war is still raging in this part of the battle field. We have kept up the engagement all the week, and have had victory over the enemy all the time. Tuesday night we had our soldier's meeting and gave ourselves entirely over to our Great Commander to lead us in the fight in the coming year. Wednesday and Thursday hand-to-hand engagement, and two prisoners captured in each attack. Friday, the Commander-in-Chief came and inspected the forces. Saturday another skirmish, the enemy withdrew with many wounded. Sunday in hot pursuit all day, assisted in the afternoon by an old veteran, Major Calhoun and his wife. Night we closed on the enemy, and after a few hours desperate fighting we drove the enemy from the field and captured eight more prisoners, making twelve for the week and a lot more fatally wounded.

CAPT. T. H. COLLIER.

Living Evidences.

BONAVISTA.—Since our last report we are glad to say that we have had the victory. Thank God. We have seen five precious souls profess to find salvation, all of whom are doing well so far and giving evidence by their lives of the change wrought within. We are still hammering away at the devil, and mean by the help of our King to give him the worst of it. Although pressed into very small quarters we are in for victory, which we are sure to have. Hallelujah. CAPT. HOAR.

North-West & British Columbia Division.

Christ Restores Backsliders.

NEEPAWA. The war is still going on in this place, although the fight is tough we know we shall win for we are fighting in the strength of Jehova therefore with Jesus as our leader we shall conquer all. Last Friday night two backslikers returned to the fold and got their backsliding healed. We give God all the glory.

CAPT. ARCHER IN COMD.

Gaining Ground.

CALGARY.—One by one they come. Monday night a man who once walked with God but in a unguarded moment had fallen, rushed out to the penitent form and got back his peace and now enjoys Gods smile. The snow fell and the wind blew and everyone seemed in a hurry to get inside some warm place, but we thank God for a Salvation that the storm does not effect for the fire burns brightly.

CAPT. WILLS.

Crawling the Prairies.

MOOSE JAW. Thank God for the way his spirit has been working in this place, Saturday night we had a "Sing Song" and we gave the audience a chance to testify when no one stood up for Jesus. We asked if there was any could testify for their own master if they could not say any thing for God. After a little while one poor lad stood up and said "I am sorry to say I am not serving God, this night last year I was crawling on the prairie on my hands and knees" I promised God then if he would spare me I would serve him, but I have not done it but I am going to do it from to night I promised my mother too when she died to meet her in heaven, I am going to start to night.

CAPT. IVERACH.

Nine Devil Deserters.

WINNIPEG.—The devils forces are pretty strong in this city, but during the last two weeks God has enabled us to present the truth to the people in such a way that nine deserted the devils ranks and became followers of Christ. To God be the glory. There is a great work to do in this city, for wherever we go we see men and women given over to drink, idolatry and selfish pleasure. With the help of God we are going to rescue these people from sin, and the consequences of sin. "Victory through the blood" is our war cry and we are marching on to win the world for God. Our soldiers and holiness meetings are on the up grade. Seven out for heart cleansing and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost which will enable them to do the will of God. "Lord send the fire" is our prayer. Amen.

CADET. GURNEY,
FOR CAPT. POTLE.

To Stubborn to Give in.

MOOSE JAW.—One more week of victory has passed and gone into eternity. Saturday's train brought with it Staff Capt. Griffiths. We had a wonderful time to our souls. The meetings were good the power of God was felt in every meeting. On Sunday morning one prodigal came back to the fold and bless God he took him in, as our Heavenly Father never casts any away. Afternoon was a time "never to be forgotten" as the plain simple plan of Salvation was once more offered to the people who seemed to drink in every word, but they were to stubborn to give up. Evening meeting was past description. Some looked amazed as Staff. Captain spoke with power and as the words were sung over and over again, "Oh I'm listening yes I'm listening just to hear the accents fall" many we beleive were not only listening to the music but to the still small whisper of Jesus saying come, but still they would not yeild.

LIEUT. VINALL.

Short But Sweet.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—We are on the up grade in this place, although the grade is very steep yet with our engineer and the clear light of the Holy Ghost we are enabled to work, and thank God the work is getting solid. We are getting a good foundation something that will stand the winds of the devil, the angry billows of the world and the lusts of the flesh.

CADET. SMITH.

Mighty Faith Brings Victory.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. We have had good meetings since we came back from Brandon, deep conviction on some. One brother came out for Salvation, he received the pardon of his sins and Jesus set him free, we are praying and believing that many more will soon come to the Saviours, feet. We mean to fight on in the strength of King Jesus.

CADET. LUCKY.

Faith That Will not 'Cave in'

CARBERRY.—It has been a time of faith trying since coming here. Things looked rather blue for some time past. Thank God for a faith that will not cave in, it has made us more desperate through seeing the carelessness of the people. While visiting in the country a dear woman gave her heart to God although she has not been able to come to the meetings, when we last visited her she was getting along splendid, also on Sunday night one dear man who had for a long time been halting came out and got blessedly saved.

CAPT. COATE.

The Arrow Hits the Mark.

VANCOUVER.—"That the Salvation Army is marching along in Vancouver" is an undoubted fact, as anyone would see if they were to pass the corner of Cordova and Carral Streets, on open air nights. The crowds that surround the soldiers, as they tell the wonderful story of Jesus and his love and what he has done for them, are numerous indeed, and great opportunities present themselves for doing good. No need to do great and wonderful things to get the crowd, as we have them already, and oh so hard. Prodigals of all sorts, from all climes and cuntries, listen to the story of redeeming love, and many who perhaps have left one country with the arrow of conviction deep in their souls, have had it driven home with such force it has led them to cry for mercy at the Salvation Army penitent form.

CAPT. LYNHA.

Woodstock Division.

How many souls ?

AYR.—Monday night no meeting. Tuesday a blessed soldier meeting. Wednesday, D. O. Baugh to the front, and two joined our ranks. Thursday, away to Drumbo. Friday, lesson on plants, and bearing fruit. Saturday a great Hallelujah time. Sunday, from morning till night, a night jelly good time.

CAPT. L. KEMP.

A better day coming.

ELORA.—Thank God we are ... alive unto God, and having ... like to keep things moving, and ... way to do it is to be filled with God, ... while going forward it makes the ... move too, so things are all ... blessing and saving souls. ... Elora corps shall see bright ... God shall have continually victory.

CAPT. [illegible]

Another farewell.

FERGUS.—We are glad this ... to be able to state victory in our ... "The week has passed into eternity ... and some have passed away ... meet their God. Sunday night one of our comrades said "good-bye for the battle field." Our numbers are very small ... we could not very well spare the ... When God calls we must obey, ... go praising the Lord for all things. ... believe the day is coming when ... prove for themselves that Jesus is a ... Saviour. "Lord hasten that day" is our prayer.

CAPT. MASSON.

Trial of the drum.

GUELPH.—Another week has just gone and we can look back on it and say it was a real good one. At the soldiers' meeting God came on us in a mighty way. Soldiers were well blessed, and fired up for the war. On Thursday night we had a good time while trying the drum, but we could not get the drum in "guilty," so we go with the drum as ever, to bring the sinners and get them saved. ... blessed time on Saturday, Lieutenant ... telling the people that salvation made ... better looking. So much for salvation and thank God while all of us feel happy and glad that we were saved, one backslider came back to God.

A blessed "War Cry" selling, Victory.

NORWICH.—Since we last wrote we have had five precious souls out for pardon, and they found the Lord as good as His word, when He said "he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Since we came here it has seemed so hard for us to sell many WAR CRYS on the street, and the most I could ever sell was fifty ... after going to every place that there was, without the least hope of selling out. So last Friday night in the meeting while reading from the fourteenth of St. John and the fourteenth verse, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do." And speaking about the faith we should exercise, the Lord said to me so plain, that if I believed that, why could I not ask Him for to help me sell sixty WAR CRYS, and I said at once "Lord I believe," and He helped me sell sixty-five. LIEUT. SEBERS.

Chaff gone! Wheat left.

ST. GEORGE.—Victory! Why how is that? Well I'll tell you. For the past few weeks we have been having a clearance up of the chaff in the crops, and now, Hallelujah! we have only got the wheat left. Though we naturally are sad to see so many who once professed to love God, and to serve Him, sitting in the seat of the scornful, and walking in the paths of wickedness, yet we feel that it is better to have eight real Blood and fire soldiers, than twelve luke-warm ones, who were not "practically" saved. We have proved for ourselves that a salvation that cannot be lived in our own daily life is no salvation at all. LIEUT. HESSEN.

Malt skepped by Maltby.

GALT.—After three and a half years fighting in the Maritime Provinces, I got orders for this town, and find a nice band of good stand-by soldiers. We have had a good week this last week, it being Xmas, of course we went in for something special, had a children's demonstration, with brass band to the front, in the afternoon, and grand praise meeting at night. Best of all we have to praise God for two souls who came and got an experience, they were not ashamed to tell about.

CAPT. G. MALTBY.

Ten backsliders.

WOODSTOCK.—We have not written to you for some time, but are very glad to say we have been pegging away at the devil all the time, and have seen some fall at the cross and cry for pardon, and have been made free, Hallelujah! Since last report about ten backsliders have come home, and about the same number have got the blessing of holiness, and altogether we can shout victory through the blood.

CAPT. DAYMOND.

Kingston Division.

Determination.

SEELEY'S BAY.—As we look over the past week we can praise God for victory. He has been blessing us in our own souls and drawing us nearer to himself. Our meetings have been good, and praise God one soul came and plunged into the fountain and is now rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. The song says "Jesus will help if you try" and we are proving that he will help us while we lean hard on his strong arm. We are determined to win.

CAPT. M. WHITE

The Happy Old Man.

NAPANEE. We can praise God for victory through the blood of Jesus this week. Souls are getting saved and the work of God is rolling on. We had a blessed time on Thursday night, God was very near. One dear old man who was a backslider for 20 years came to Jesus Christ the Son of God and he rolled the burden of sin away, and the old fellow showed that the burden had rolled away as we sang "I can and I will and I do believe that Jesus saves me now," as he stood upon his feet with the tears rolling down his face and clapping his hands and looking up to heaven shouting, "the blood of Jesus saves me now."

LIEUT. HAGUE

The Great Hallelujah Family.

DESERONTO.—We are still fighting and the devil is kicking; he does not let us have it all our own way, still we can report victory.

Major Woolley was with us over Sunday; our crowds was not great on account of the rough weather, still we had a good time. Soldiers are rejoicing and the converts are looking forward to the time, when they shall be enrolled as proper members of the great Hallelujah Family. This is to take place next week.

CAPT. L. E. TAYLOR.

Another Seven Returned!

SUNBURY.—The Lord always proves a friend that never leaves and always gives the weakest saint the victory. Although there are some who seem determined to let the tempter lead them and do his work, still there are others who know God and his power to save and are doing their best to tell them of Jesus who alone can save. Last week we saw seven who were willing to acknowledge that they need Gods help, four of these testified to what God had done for them and that they were going to try and serve him, we are believing for the others to return and give God the glory.

CAPT. MCRAE.

Chatham Division.

A Victorious "War Cry" Seller.

DUTTON.—We can say with the song of the WAR CRY this week.

We'er going on to victory, we'er going on to victory,
We ne'er shall be defeated for we're on the winning side,
We're going on to victory, we're going on to victory,
We are dwelling in the full salvation tide."

God is blessing us and leading us on. One brother had a new experience this week. Saturday night he took some WAR CRYS to sell in the hotels. He got the victory, sold all his CRYS and got blessed in his soul. No souls saved yesterday, but each soldier held on to God until the last. "Amen," then left determined to live true to God and have victory yet. We are not discouraged for we know the God whom we serve is a God of victory.

LIEUT. BESSIE TRACY.

Tobacco for the Quinsy.

DRESDEN.—We are still moving ahead here, and victory seems stamped on every comrades heart, and we have it continually. On Friday night a brother, who had strayed away from the Army and God, came back and paid the price with a thorough consecration of body and soul, and now takes hold nicely in the meetings. It is very changeable weather here, but our God never changes. A brother on Sunday morning came to the fountain which cleanses from all sin and filthiness. He told us that the doctor had ordered him to use tobacco for the quinsy and by using it he felt condemned. We were glad to see the plug of tobacco left on the penitent-form with an old pipe. Of course we threw it in the stove which helped the fire a little. The Christian people took hold well in the afternoon meeting. God bless them. And after the night meeting our faith was rewarded by another brother falling at the feet of Jesus for salvation. He got it and went home happy. Our prayers follow him that God may make him a real true salvation soldier.

CAPT. J. JONES.

Prayer, Faith, Victory.

ESSEX CENTRE.—"I was surprised" said a lady on Saturday night, "you know I have only been away from the meetings a week, and I am so pleased to see so many new ones on the platform with their bright happy faces and clear testimonies." Yes, the Lord has been blessing our efforts very much, Monday night five out of six converts of the week before, were on the march and testified. Hallelujah! All the week the Lord has been with us. On Friday night we had a meeting of power, and on Sunday, though very stormy outside, we had good crowds, and especially at night a grand meeting. As we went into the prayer meeting hardly anyone left. The Spirit was at work, two souls came out amidst great rejoicing. Prayer and faith has brought the victory in Essex Centre Corps.

CAPT. GOODALL.

Palmerston Division.

A big fire.

PORT ELGIN.—"We're a happy lot of people, yes we are." We know of none who have a better right to be happy than those whom God has set at liberty. Praise God for liberty form sin. Jesus is ruling, reigning in our hearts and in our corps. Hallelujah. Soldiers getting bound in unity of love. The fire of the Holy Ghost is burning in our midst, and is burning deep conviction into the sinners hearts. We mean Port Elgin for our Jesus. We close the week with nine precious souls in the fountain. Oh! God make them realities, living witnesses for Thee. Glory and honor to our God.

MAGGIE MALLORY.

The roast of beef.

WINGHAM.—Hallelujah! This Monday morning finds us with our souls beaming with joy, and we desire to let the WAR CRY know of the victory we are having in this pretty little town. Since we arrived here the people have "set one object in view," that they are not going to let us go hungry. As they come from the country to business in the town, they drop a bag of potatoes or apples, and a kind gentleman the other day brought us a large piece of beef, about twenty-five pounds, which looked very pleasing, glory to God. Not only are we pleased to report temporal wants being attended to with interest, but since you last heard from us, some of those who have long rejected the strivings of God's spirit have yielded to Him, and just like Jesus, he attended to their wants and set them at perfect liberty. Bless His name. CAPT. WALKER.

Chasing Durham sinners.

DURHAM.—

During the last few weeks,
Up the hills and down so steep,
Round Durham for souls we seek,
Hunting up the lost that sleep.
And for sin we see some weep,
Morning dawn, soon we hope shall peep.

Christ has died for Durham all,
On, on, we mean to see them fall.
Routing the devil to the wall.
Passing none whether short or tall.
Since Christ has died for big and small.

LIEUT. SAM. MCDONALD.

A big racket.

HARRISTON.—We send a few lines to let you know that we never felt more of God in our life than we have the past few days. The devil has come to our meetings the past week and kicked up a big racket, again coats were seen coming off, and for a short time it was pretty hot, but through it all God was blessing us. We are having some wonderful meetings for power. Soldiers in private meetings have been seen crying, which makes us say "Lord give us more of the weeping spirit."

CAPT. J. A. BROKENSHIRE.

Hamilton Division.

A Catch of Five.

PORT ROWAN.—"Where He leads I will follow" has been our motto in the past. And though it has meant going down where the dark waters flow, He has helped us to be more than conquerors, and this morning we can shout "Victory through the Blood." Yesterday (Sunday) the devil tried to oppose us and defeat us, but by continually trusting and believing God gave victory, for five weary prodigals returned home to their Father's house, and blessed be the name of the Lord, he took them in. We pray for their faithfulness.

CAPT. RALPH BRAUND.

DELHI.—This past week has been a blessed one to our souls. The Lord has been in our midst blessing us and doing us good. On Saturday night we had a popular "pop-up meeting" I can tell you. Soldiers and Christians all on fire, and popping up all over the building to tell what the Lord had done for them. We closed the week with one precious soul in the fountain. Still there's more to follow.

CAPT. T. BOYLE.

What! Never Run Away?

DUNVILLE.—Hallelujah! We are still alive here, and God is spreading a table for us in the presence of our enemies, both of temporal and spiritual things. The fight here is indeed a hard one, and the devil seems to have the ruling power in most respects, yet God is with us, and we prove He is truly a rock in a weary land and a shelter in the time of storm. We cannot report very much visible results, but our meetings are times of great spiritual power, and many souls are under deep conviction. We are determined to stick at it and do our best, being confident that He who has led us thus far will also keep us to the end. Pray for Dunville.

CAPT. MERRETT.

Keep Visiting, Officers!

SIMCOE.—"His name is Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." The past week for this corps has been good. A women professed to be saved while visiting her at her home. Christ is able to save anywhere and anyone who fully repents. Three who had fallen away came home to their Father Sunday night. The spirit of love is moving here. We crown Jesus Lord of all.

ALICE DREW.

Thank God for One.

PORT DOVER.—We can thank God this week for victory, not only in our own souls but over the devil also. God has been working here in the way of saving one soul. Bless His name. Of course this is something new in this place, and the devil doesn't like it a bit. We will go on with the fight and try and get some more of his dupes to forsake him and come over on the Lord's side, and we know that with God as our strength we are sure of the victory. Praise God for that. We believe that God is going to break down some of the hard hearts of the people that reject Him night after night and bring them to Himself.

CADET. J. A. STREET.

Montreal and Quebec Division.

The Cadets' Report.

KNOWLTON.—Praise the dear Lord, we are proving that we have a mighty Saviour to lean upon. Ever since our last report we have been trusting in His strength. On Christmas day we had blessed meetings. A drunkards' meeting in the afternoon, when a great many who are called drunkards attended and showed their appreciation by taking front seats, and we believe a work was done. Since then we have had powerful meetings right along. We have to praise God for opening the schoolhouses again, and we have had good meetings at the Outposts. On Saturday Captain went to Coaticooke for opening of the barracks there. We felt our own weakness but God did help us in a wonderful manner. Deep conviction in every meeting, but no one would yield to the strivings of the Holy Spirit.

CADETS.

Spirits of Liquor.

NORTH COATICOOKE.—Since our last report we have had the privilege of attending council, which proved a great help and blessing to our souls. We have had some blessed meetings since. On Saturday night we had twenty experiences and twenty choruses in thirty minutes. Had a blessed Knee-drill Sunday morning and some were present who had never been before. One brother said in giving his experience that the Sunday before he went round with spirits of liquor in his pocket, but now he had the Spirit of Christ in his heart. God has been blessing us here and we are believing for still greater victory. CAPT. GAMBY.

That Drum Again!

RICHMOND.—We are praising God for three souls since you last heard from us a week ago. At Knee-drill one, whom God has been working upon and we had been praying for, came and got saved and now is on his happy way to heaven, and yesterday, Sunday, afternoon two more came out and sought pardon which they found, and rose and testified to the saving power of God. One said that it was the drum that drew him in. While we were on the march Sunday morning he was on his way to a friends whom he had promised to take dinner with, but he could not help following the drum for something seemed to be drawing him right on, and he came to the Holiness meeting, where God took hold of him. As we went into the prayer meeting he got up to leave, but had to come back again, but would not yield to the strivings of God's Spirit and went away with the tears streaming down his face. The afternoon's meeting found him in the barracks again, where he got fully saved. So let no one condemn us for marching and beating the drum on Sunday morning, for, as he says, if it had not been for that march he might be on his way to hell. Others were deeply convicted, but would not yield. Comrades pray for Richmond. LIEUT. B. CROSBY.

MISSING!

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*All who find their friends through the "Missing Column" are requested to inform the WAR CRY Office at once. Several notices have been kept standing, and required space has been occupied to the detriment of others through neglect in this matter.*

If this should meet the eye of THOMAS TOWNS, who left home in April, 1882, will he write to his sister, Susie Towns, Oakville, Ont., who is very anxious to hear from him. Anyone who can give any information of his whereabouts please write at once. All "Crys" please copy. 2,2,'89.

If this should meet the eye of JOHN SANDERSON, or anyone knowing him, he left his home in Millbrook, Canada, on January 6, 1868, was heard from in April, 1874, was then on the Nevada mountains in the lumber business, was about starting at that time for New Zealand. Is about 56 years of age, three fingers are off his left hand. His sister, Eliza Jane Sanderson, would like to hear from him. Address, Millbrook P. O., Ont, American and New Zealand "Crys" please copy. 2,2,'89

Should this meet the eye of JOHN H. WEST, who left Moncton, N. B., Canada, 27 years ago, last heard from was in Boston. Your aged mother, Mrs. West, is still living in Moncton, N. B., and desires to hear from you, her much loved son. U. S. and Pacific Coast. "Crys" please copy. 2,2,'89.

Would GEORGE KNIGHT, last heard of in Portsmouth, England, about ten years ago, supposed to have joined some ship, write to his mother, Mrs. Thomas Knight, Severn Cottage, Newnham, Gloucestershire. Eng. 2,2,'89.

If this should reach the eye of SAMUEL STACEY, or anyone that knows his whereabouts will you please write to his wife, at Orillia, as she is in very poor circumstances. Any information will be gladly received. Last heard from at Port Robinson. Address, Mrs. Samuel Stacey, Orillia, Ont. 2,2,'89.

Information wanted of ALEXANDER CROMBIE MENZIES, Scotchman aged 64 years, who left Galt, Canada, some nine years ago, for Ceylon, on account of ill health. Was last heard of in St. Helena. Any information regarding him, either dead or living, will be gladly received by his wife and family. Address Mrs A. C. Menzies, Main Street, Galt, Ontario, Canada. Indian and Old Country "War Crys" please copy. 2,2,'89.

WILLIAM STRONG, formerly of Lindsay, Ontario, Canada, now supposed to be living in California, is requested to correspond with his brother George, at Coldwater, Ontario, or with Capt. Ludgate, Salvation Army, Lindsay, Ont., as they have some very important news to communicate to him. Californian and States "Crys" please copy. 2,2,'89.

Will MISS ANNIE BOWES (or Mrs. Richardson) formerly of Wykeham, Yorkshire, England, when last heard of resided in Parkdale, Toronto, kindly correspond or communicate with John Bowes, Crosby Hall Hotel, Toronto. Should any person seeing this be able to give any information it would be gladly received 2,2,89

Information wanted of THOMAS YOUNG who left his home, Dublin, Ireland, in August, 1880, and went to Montreal. When last heard of was working on the Sudbury Junction Railway. His mother, who is broken-hearted about him, is very anxious to hear from him; or any one who can give any information of his whereabouts please write to Mrs. George Booth, 89 Goodhue St., Sherbrooke, P. Q. All "War Crys" please copy. 2,2,'89

MISS KATIE McDONALD who left her friends at Brook, near Owen Sound, about three years ago. Last heard from she was in the Winnipeg Corps of the Salvation Army. Anyone knowing of her whereabouts please communicate with Capt. D. Gage, Owen Sound.

ISAIAH OMEHOLT left Forest in 1882 for Toronto. Should this meet his eye or anyone knowing where he is, please communicate with his brother, Jacob Omeholt, Forest. United States "Cry" please copy.

If this should meet the eye of Mr. F. Jones, who left Montreal on Sunday evening, 2nd December, 1888, for Toronto, please write to J. H., 450 St. James' St., Montreal, as he has lost his address. 9,2,'89

A little boy named JOSEPH WM McCAUL has been missing from his home in Wiarton for some time. Miss McCaul wishes to know if any readers of the WAR CRY could give her any information to his whereabouts. 2,2,'89

CHARLES COOPER left London, Ontario, eight years ago for St Pauls, Minnesota, last heard from at Still Water, same State, supposed to be somewhere in the same State yet. His brothers and sisters would like to know his whereabouts. Communicate with John Cooper, 442 Park Avenue, London, Ontario. American "War Cry" please copy. 2,2,'89

If this should catch the eye of one, JOHN McEWEN, the son of James McEwen. His mother's maiden name was Margaret Murphy. He was born in Rushgush, Campbellton, 38 years ago this July; was last heard from Alpena Mass., U.S.A. Your mother would like to hear from you or from anyone who may know his whereabouts. Your mother's address is Mrs D. Ferguson, Spring Hill Mines. All "Crys" please copy. 9,2,'89.

Information wanted of MARTHA WOOD, late Andrews, and SARAH ANN ANDREWS, last heard of in Pendleton, Manchester, also HANNAH HOLT, last heard from in Ramsbottom, near Bury, Lancashire. Your brother is anxious to hear form you. Address Joseph Andrews, London West, Ontario, Canada. English "Cry" please copy. 2,2,'89.

Coming Events

— THE —

Commissioner's TOUR EAST.

The Commissioner will visit

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

About February 21, 22, 23, 24, also different Stations in the

Eastern Division

Latter end of February and beginning of March.

NEWFOUNDLAND

March 15, 16, 17.

Details later on. Everybody look out.

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT

KINGSTON, ... February 11
Anniversary Meetings

BELLEVILLE, ... February 12
Great Jubilee.

MORRISBURG, ... February 16
Presentation of Colors.

CORNWALL, ... February 17
Great Salvation Meetings.

MONTREAL, ... February 18
Great Hallelujah Wedding.

COME IN CROWDS.

OTTAWA II.

WILL BE OPENED ON

FEBRUARY 10.

Look out for a boom.

OFFICERS

— OF —

HEADQUARTERS' STAFF

Will hold Special Meetings at the following places :—

SAT. and SUN., FEB 16 and 17.

PICKERING,

Capts. Fisher & Zimmerman.

STOUFFVILLE,

Capt. and Mrs. Fletcher.

GEORGETOWN,

COLONEL BAILEY

— AND —

STAFF-CAPT. READ

ACTON,

PROFFESSOR WIGGINS.

OSHAWA,

BRIGADE CAPTAIN MOSS.

Monday, Feb. 18. Officers Council. Col. Bailey to the front.

SAT. and SUN., FEB. 23 and 24.

LITTLE YORK.

Staff-Capt. Read,

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

— THE RENOWNED —

Band of the "Household Troops,"

27 Instrumentalists, (Cadets in Training at the English Homes) in charge of Staff-Capt. Appleby (late of H. M. Service) will visit the following Stations in aid of the

Canadian "Sick and Wounded and "Poor Officers'" Funds

HALIFAX	Saturday, Sunday & Monday	February	9, 10, 11
DARTMOUTH	Tuesday	"	12
WINDSOR	Wednesday	"	13
BRIDGETOWN	Thursday	"	14
ANAPOLIS	Friday	"	15
YARMOUTH	Saturday, Sunday & Monday	"	16, 17, 18
DIGBY	Tuesday	"	19
CARLETON	Friday	"	22
ST. JOHN	Saturday Sunday and Monday	"	23, 24, 25
FREDERICTON	Tuesday	"	26
WOODSTOCK	Wednesday	"	27
ST. STEPHENS	Thursday	"	28

The reputation of the Cadets as Musicians and Salvation Warriors has extended all round the world. Don't miss a Treat and a Blessing.

For Further Particulars see Local Announcements.

COL. AND MRS. DOWDLE

(From England),

Will visit the following Corps on the Dates affixed for Seasons of Special Revival Meetings for the Salvation of Sinners, and the Building up of God's Work and People:—

RICHMOND STREET, Toronto,	February	15	to	21
TEMPLE,	"	"	22	"	28
RIVERSIDE,	"	March	1	"	7
LIPPINCOTT STREET,	"	"	8	"	14

Everyone is Earnestly Requested to Pray for Mighty God-Glorifying Resurts.

OUR KING MUST REIGN.

WAR IN THE WEST.

The Welsh Minstrel

WITH HIS

TROUPE OF MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS

Will visit the following Corps and conduct special meetings on the dates affixed:

Emerson	Feb.	9, 10, 11
Morden	"	12, 13, 14
Winnipeg	"	15 to 19

Look out for the

"WISE MEN FROM THE EAST."

STAFF-CAPT. McHARDY

— ASSISTED BY —

CAPT. HOWELL,

Will conduct Special Salvation and Holiness Meetings as under:

WIARTON,	Feb.	8 to 14
CHESLEY,	"	15 to 21
HARRISTON,	"	22 to 28
DRAYTON,	March	1 to 7
PALMERSTON,	"	8 to 14
LISTOWEL,	"	15 to 21

IMPORTANT CHANGE

— IN —

TRADE REGULATION

FOR OFFICERS

From this date all orders for goods from Headquarters will require to be accompanied by cash. In cases where goods are to be sent by post, cash to cover the postage of same must be sent on the following scale :—

Goods value $1,00	Postage	10 cts
" 0.75	"	8 "
" 0.50	"	5 "
" 0.40	"	4 "
" 0.25 and under	"	3 "

T. B. Coombs,
Jan. 1st, '89. Commissioner.

Uniform Department.

We have had an English Cheviot made expressly for our special purpose and to introduce it we will make a trimmed

UNIFORM SUIT $16,

and guarantee Fast Indigo Color.

Irish Serge Uniform Suit	$19.00
" "	17.00
English Cheviot "	16.00
" Diagonal "	15.00
Canadian Serge	9.00
Overcoats from	15.00

SPECIAL NOTICE

— TO —

Candidates and Others.

In the future each Candidate applying for the work must send with the letter of application $1.00 to pay the expenses of postage, enquiry and printing of forms in connection with the application.

T. B. COOMBS,
Jan. 1st, '89. Commissioner.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per annum. Printed with all S. A. publications at the Printing House, 12 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs. Booth, and Addresses and Songs by its Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of the WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of this Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the devil, and the more confident efforts to establish the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.
Printed, with all S. A. publications, at the Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.